

9.6/0

No.  
180  
Jan.  
'76  
33230

# MAD<sup>IND</sup>®

OUR PRICE  
**50c**  
CHEAP



**YECCH!**



NUTZ





# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN





# MAD

"A rolling stone gathers no moss . . . but it always ends up  
at the bottom of the hill!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,

DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

## DEPARTMENTS

### AFFRONTAL ATTACK DEPARTMENT

TV Disclaimers We'd Like To See . . . . . 16

### AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPARTMENT

A Restaurant Supply Catalogue . . . . . 23

### BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Change . . . . . 26

### BITING HUMOR DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Sharks . . . . . 32

### DECLARATION OF HUMAN FRIGHTS DEPARTMENT

A MAD Portfolio Of Contemporary Horror Scenes . . . . . 12

### DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

Don Martin Beats The High Cost Of Gasoline . . . . . 20

### ECCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Pollution Alert . . . . . 39

### LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail . . . . . 2

### MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones . . . . . \*\*

### PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPARTMENT

"Jaw'd" (A MAD Movie Satire) . . . . . 4

### PLAYING IT FOR SHAKE VALUE DEPARTMENT

"Mirthquake" (Another MAD Movie Satire) . . . . . 42

### WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPARTMENT

Time Flies . . . Time Drags . . . . . 40

### WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS DEPARTMENT

MAD's "CIA Agent Of The Year" . . . . . 35

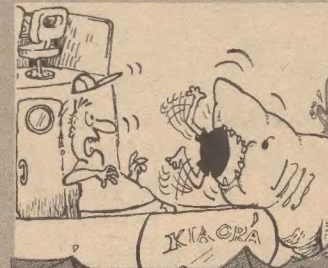
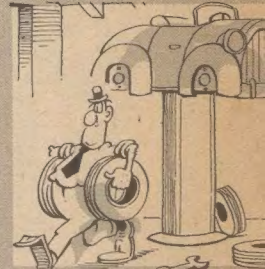
\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

"JAW'D"  
(A MAD  
MOVIE  
SATIRE)  
Pg. 4



TV  
DISCLAIMERS  
WE'D LIKE  
TO SEE  
Pg. 16

DON MARTIN  
BEATS THE  
HIGH COST OF  
GASOLINE  
Pg. 20



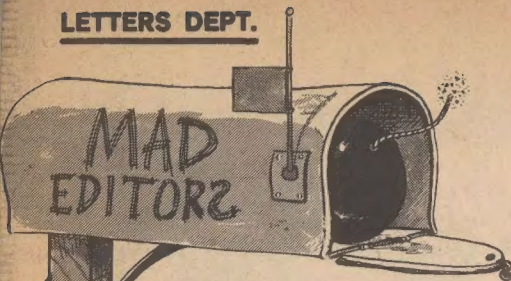
A MAD  
LOOK  
AT  
SHARKS  
Pg. 32

MAD'S  
CIA AGENT  
OF THE  
YEAR  
Pg. 35



"MIRTHQUAKE"  
(ANOTHER  
MAD MOVIE  
SATIRE)  
Pg. 42





### DAVIS'S TRACKS STARS COVER

Delightful cover by Davis! Micrin Minestrone's gang and Hercules Pirouette's confronting each other is a classic concept, too. I'll pick Sean Connery over James Caan in the preliminaries.

Bud Blake  
Damariscotta, Maine

Jack Davis' *smashing* cover was a tantalizing preview to the marvelous "double feature" inside. MAD has selected the important movies unerringly!

Carol Worthington  
Hollywood, Calif.

### THE ODD FATHER PART, TOO!

Larry Siegel had great command of his narrative in "The Odd Father Part, Too!" and the tone and sensitivity of Mort Drucker's flashbacks bridged the gap from drawing board to director's chair.

Bruce Hamilton  
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Mort Drucker outdid himself with his second "Odd Father" triumph. He portrayed Micrin sullen and alone whether in the press of festive or patronizing crowds, or in his total abject solitude. If anything, Mort heightened the intensity of Al Pacino's screen role.

Jerry Sinkovec  
Menomonee Falls,  
Wisconsin

I'd be curious to know what actor Al Pacino thought of Larry Siegel's masterful "The Odd Father Part, Too!" story ...

Ira Matetsky  
Baldwin, N.Y.

We don't know about his reaction to the story, but we're sure he looked at the pictures!—Ed.

Mort Drucker did cluster upon cluster of captivating secondary characters. They were a joy to linger over, upon my third reading!

Rodney Smith  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

After Sunday dinner, we stayed at the table, family style, digesting Larry Siegel's devastating lines and pointing out Drucker's likenesses of Troy Donahue, Robert Duvall, Talia Shire and Abe Vigoda. Abe Vigoda ...?

Robin Scarpitto  
Merced, Calif.

Why wait for novelist Mario Puzo and Director-Producer Francis Ford Coppola to do "Godfather III"? Let Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker start without them!

Harvey King  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

### ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Don Martin's "One Day In South Dakota" was quite ear-regular!

Steve Zegarelli  
Utica, N.Y.

Don Martin sure knows how to build up to a monumental gag!

Shawn Fitzgerald  
San Diego, Calif.



### A Monumental Ear-Regularity

Don Martin's animated clean-up crew on Mount Rushmore reminded me of the busy little Lilliputians swarming over Gulliver. Well, Don Martin always gives me a Swift kick!

Donna Zwerin  
New York, N.Y.

### THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

Stan Hart's "MAD Economics Primer" is so expressive of today's economic problems, maybe it'll help bring about *some* change. As for Al Jaffee's draw-it-like-it-is illustrations for the Primer, that's exactly what Russia and Saudi Arabia did to Uncle Sam!

James Tuck  
Hialeah, Fla.



### That's Exactly What They Did!

Your "MAD Economics Primer" wasn't the least bit funny. It was too revealing and too true to be funny.

Myron Bennett  
La Grange, Ill.

### LIGHTER SIDE OF GARDENING

Dave Berg had his ear to the ground in "The Lighter Side Of Indoor And Outdoor Gardening". He's all thumbs on *any* subject. Green thumbs!

Arlene Chapman  
Chicago, Ill.

You never know where Dave Berg will sprout up. He's a blooming idiot with a very fertile mind!

Andee Cole  
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



### Dave Berg, A Blooming Idiot

Very amusing realities about gardening. Gave me a burst of energy to attend to my own overgrown backyard!

Loretta Velona  
Maywood, N.J.

### MUDDLE ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

I saw in the papers that Agatha Christie has decided to kill off Hercule Poirot after what Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres did to him in "Muddle On The Orient Express". Who can blame her?

Tim Dunn  
Worcester, Mass.

Engineers Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres kept the "Orient Express" on the laugh track!

Brendan Kavanagh  
Flushing, N.Y.

Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone committed the perfect crime and there was no visible weapon, as evidence, because I died laughing!

Timothy O. Lane  
Baldwin Park, Calif.

### ROLLERBALL RECALLS BASEBRAWL

Hey, Clods! Methinks movie producer Norman Jewison was inspired by Al Jaffee's "The MAD Game Of Basebrawl", issue #167. Of course, he added some refinements and called his movie "Rollerball".

Jon Kull  
Arvada, Colo.

"Rollerball" will be served up soon by Angelo Torres and Stan Hart.—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:  
MAD, Dept. 180, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!



# HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?



## LIFT YOUR SPIRITS BY GIVING... GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MAD

... and we'll send cheery "Christmas Gift Announcements" telling the lucky recipients who the Dickens to blame!

use one or more coupons or duplicates

### MAD

485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose \$10.00\* Please send a  
20 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP-CODE \_\_\_\_\_

An Absolute Must!

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING

\*In Canada, \$10.00 in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, \$12.50, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow 10 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so... CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

### MAD

485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose \$10.00\* Please send a  
20 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP-CODE \_\_\_\_\_

An Absolute Must!

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING

\*In Canada, \$10.00 in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, \$12.50, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow 10 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so... CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!



## PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPT.

There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

# JA

Well, here we are... a bunch of teenagers enjoying a typical Summer night in the typical seaside community of Vomity, Long Island!

It sure is fun sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know... it'll be September and we'll be back in school, and our whole lives'll change!

Yeah! What a drag... sittin' in a hot classroom, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Maybe you're having fun... but I'm bored! Doesn't anything different ever happen on this beach?

Look at Freddy and Brenda... running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

Like I said, ... doesn't anything DIFFERENT happen on this beach?!

What's that strange THING out there?!

Yeah... and listen to that rich, melodic background music...!

Oh, my God, it's horrible! HORRIBLE!

That strange thing out there...?

No—melodic music! I never heard music with a melody before! Quick! Someone turn up that Rock number before I go crazy!

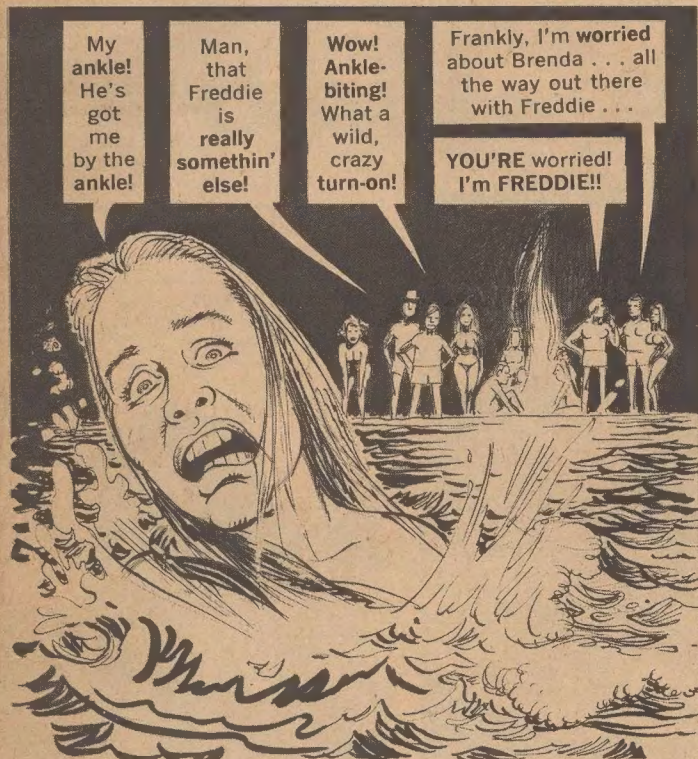




# AW'D

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



My ankle! He's got me by the ankle!

Man, that Freddie is really somethin' else!

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy turn-on!

Frankly, I'm worried about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worried! I'm FREDDIE!!

What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a boy or a girl?

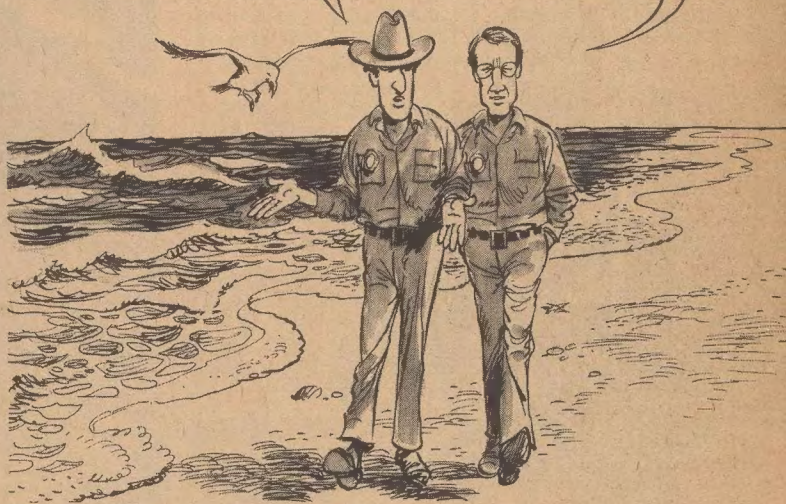
Look! Nowadays that description is no proof one way or the other!

I got NEWS for you! Nowadays, THAT's no proof either!

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a teenager . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — c'mon now, Chief!

We KNOW it's a girl, Chief! When she was last seen, she was NAKED!



What do you think could have happened to her, Chief?

I hate to say it, but if you've been around here as long as I have, you've seen those hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .

I know! I've been in the halls of the High School!

And then again, if we're lucky, maybe it was only a SHARK!

I . . . choke . . . I found something . . . Chief!!

Is it—what—you thought it was??

Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I thought it was . . . all right!!

Listen to me! Get hold of yourself! You're a Police Officer! You can stand up to anything, even the remains of a body after a shark gets through with it!

Oh, yeah? How about the typical garbage left behind by the slobs after an all night beach party??!

Oh, God! Anything but that!





Uggh!  
Melon  
rinds  
and  
banana  
peels!

Blaah!  
Anchovy  
pizza  
scraps  
and  
scungili!

Pyuch!  
Peanut  
butter  
sand-  
wiches  
and —

What do you think you're  
doing, Chief Brooding?!!

The remains of a  
girl were found,  
Mayor Vault! She  
must have been  
eaten by a shark!  
We can't allow any  
people in the water!

Are you insane?!  
Close our beaches  
with July 4th a  
week away?! That's  
when we do all our  
business around  
here! Forget about  
that shark and take  
down that sign!

Forget about it?! Do you realize  
what horror you may be subjecting  
people to on this beach? Have you  
no conscience? Particularly on  
Independence Day, when Americans  
celebrate their precious, hard-  
earned freedom by blowing off  
their arms and legs with fire-  
crackers, and driving drunkenly  
down our nation's highways...

Come  
to  
think  
of it,  
I guess  
I'll  
take  
down  
the  
sign!



How come  
we're all  
enjoying  
ourselves,  
and the  
Chief of  
Police has  
to work?

They say a  
mysterious  
thing is  
endangering  
the beach,  
and he's  
protecting  
all of us!

It must  
be tough  
looking  
through  
those  
glasses  
hours  
on end!

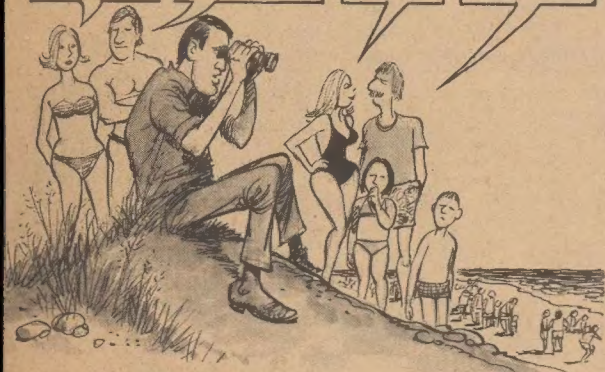
What  
dedication!  
I'm sure  
that what-  
ever he's  
looking for,  
he's going  
to GET it!

Not unless somebody tells his WIFE!!

Well, Schmendricks,  
so far... so good!

That's great! No  
sign of the shark?

No  
sign  
of  
her  
Husband!



What happened?

All of a sudden  
I heard this  
rich melodic  
music, and then  
this kid started  
screaming and...  
ugh... it was  
just awful...!

Yecch!  
All that  
blood  
and gore  
and torn  
limbs! You  
know what  
this means,  
don't you,  
Chief...?

Right! There goes the  
picture's "G" rating!  
But a "PG" will still  
pull in the kids...!

What about that line  
in the ads that says,  
"May Be Too Intense  
For Younger Children"?  
Won't that hurt us?

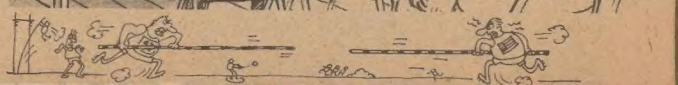
Are you  
kidding?!?  
That's like  
trying to  
scare ants  
away from  
a picnic  
by pouring  
sugar on  
the ground!

I've called this meeting of  
you key townspeople because  
there is a silly rumor going  
around that an alleged shark  
has allegedly killed two  
alleged people! We will now  
have the Coroner's report!  
Er... where is the Coroner?

He's  
dead!

WHAT?!  
How  
did  
it  
happen?

The alleged  
shark bit  
off his  
alleged  
head! Also  
his alleged  
arms and  
legs...







Very well! The meeting is open to suggestions! Would anyone like to speak...?

**SCREEEEEC**

**AAARRRGH!**

**SHRIEK!**

**YEOW!**

Does Captain Squint always do disgusting things like that for attention?

No... he usually just belches!

Now, listen to me, Matey... and listen good! I'm the only Sea Captain around here who can **CATCH** that mother, and you know it! But it's gonna cost you ten thousand dollars!

Take it... or leave it! And the more you wait, the more it's gonna cost you! And if you don't like my offer, you and this whole town can go **##\*%&@!!**

We'll think about it, Captain Squint!

Does he actually make a living as a Sea Captain?

Not really! He moonlights on the side!

What's his other job?

He works for The Welcome Wagon!

We're in trouble, Schmendricks! The Mayor is still not sold on the shark story, and I'm not sure I trust Squint! Isn't there **ANYONE** who can help us?!!

Hi, there! I'd like to help! My name is Clod Hopper, and I'm a brilliant young Scientist! I know **ALL ABOUT** sharks! God, but they're beautiful creatures! Do you know that I once made **LOVE** to a shark?! I mean... this one really turned me on, and—

What?!? How could **ANYONE** make love to a shark!!

Very carefully!

Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically examine the remains of this victim—that the thorax and the upper anatomy in general, particularly the sternum and scapula, have been severely **traumatized**, and that the metatarsal bones on the severed foot that I hold in my hand have been **nearly obliterated**...

Uh-huh... Uh-huh... quite interesting! Now... after assimilating all this, there is **one** thing I'd like to say as a Scholar... and as a Scientist...

What's that...?

**YEEECCH!**



Great news, Chief!  
My kid and I caught  
the shark, so your  
troubles are over!

Incredible! How did  
you and your kid  
ever manage to land  
a fish this size?

Very simple! My kid has this old  
kite string, see? Well, sir... I  
bent this safety pin around the  
string and tossed it into the—

Wait a minute! You expect me to  
believe that anybody using a  
safety pin and some old kite  
string could catch a shark!?!

Sure, providing  
you use the  
right bait...!

And  
what did  
YOU  
use for  
bait?

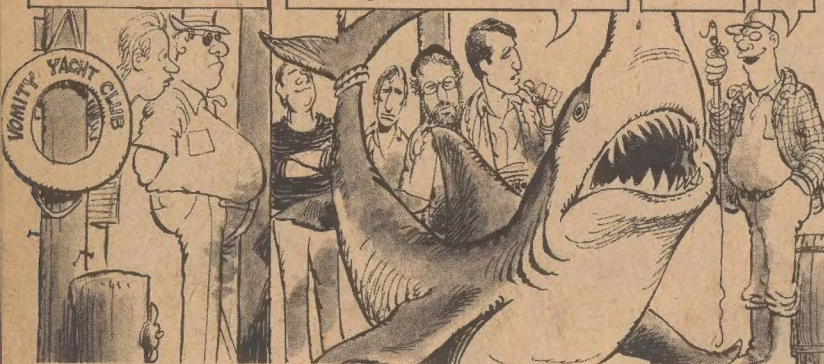
My  
kid!

I'm not sure this is  
the shark we're after!  
The only way to know  
for sure is to cut him  
open and look for clues  
inside! Don't worry! I  
know what I'm doing!  
I've been around fish  
all my life...

You know,  
you remind  
me of a  
surgeon!

You mean  
SURGEON!  
I cut like  
a surgeon!

You may  
CUT  
like a  
surgeon,  
but  
you  
SMELL  
like a  
sturgeon!



Ah-hah! Just as I thought!  
This shark doesn't eat  
people! It eats JUNK! Look  
at this! An old lawn mower,  
a pair of orthopedic shoes,  
a 1959 Edsel, a crate of  
watermelons and 500,000  
copies of Reader's Digest!

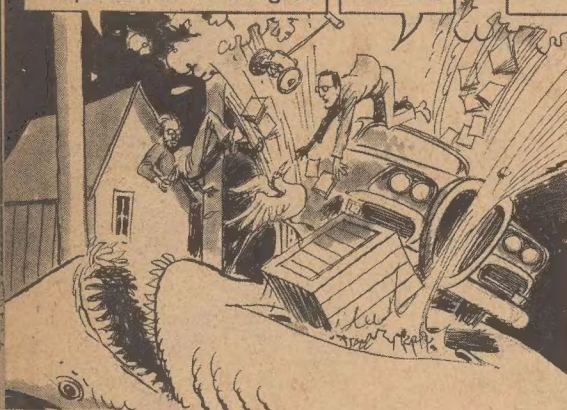
Sew him  
up fast!  
I feel  
like we  
just  
operated  
on Euell  
Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've  
got proof that the  
dead shark is NOT  
the one we're after!  
The killer is STILL  
OUT THERE! We've  
got to close the  
beaches... NOW!!

Not on your life! This  
is July 4th! But don't  
worry! They're going to  
set up an impregnable  
barrier in the water  
that no shark will ever  
be able to penetrate!

It won't work!  
He's too smart!  
He'll slip  
past the gun  
boats! He'll  
sneak by the  
helicopters!

I KNOW that! I'm  
talking about the  
NATURAL barrier:  
that wall of typical  
holiday refuse and  
garbage... thrown  
into the water by  
50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHH!

YECCCCH!

CHOKO!

UGH!

Well...  
Mayor!!?  
Still  
MORE  
deaths!  
Are you  
satisfied  
now?!?

Okay, Chief!  
You win! I'll  
pay Squint  
what he wants!  
Go out there  
with him and  
GET THAT  
SHARK!!

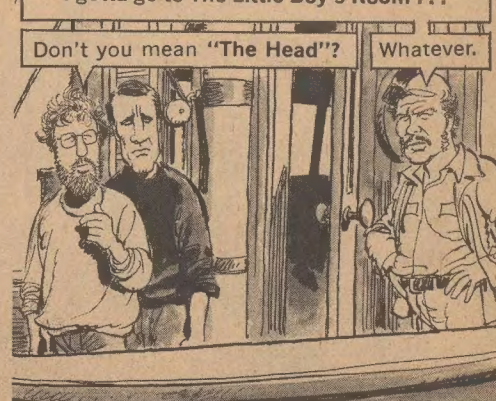
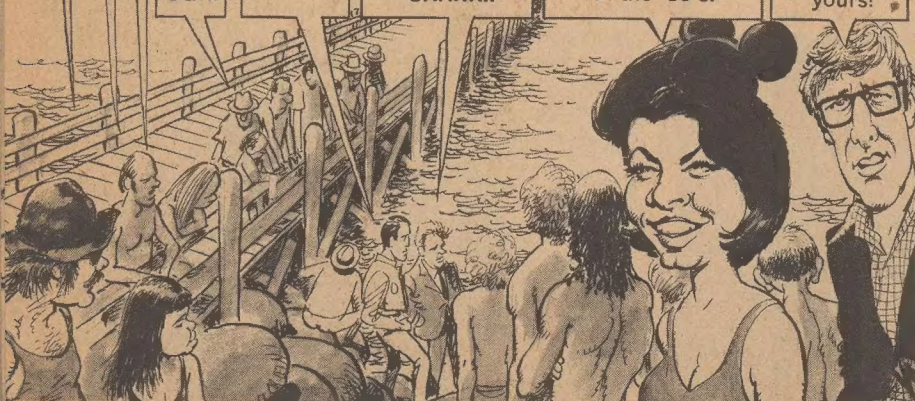
Golly, all this  
blood and torn  
bodies and killer  
sharks! They sure  
don't make "Beach  
Pictures" the  
way I made them  
in the '60's!

That's true,  
Annette!  
But THIS  
one is  
ALMOST as  
nauseating  
as one of  
yours!

Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of  
this @#%& boat, and what I say GOES!  
I've been a sailor, man and boy, for forty  
years! I know every inch of this ocean and  
every nook and cranny of this boat! I know  
the sound and the smell and the language  
of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me,  
I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room...

Don't you mean "The Head"?

Whatever.





I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get SEASICK!

I'd feel even BETTER if we weren't still in PORT!!



The College Boy'll take the helm! And you, Chief ... you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it overboard ...

Oh, I get it! It's BAIT ... to lure the shark!

Naaahh! Sharks HATE the stuff!

Then why do you want me to throw it overboard?

You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

Listen ... one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

The "DECK"!!

Whatever.



Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been HAD?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys ...

Over hill, over dale,  
We have hit the  
Dusty trail,  
As those Caissons  
Go rolling along!

You're RIGHT!  
We've been HAD!



You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!

That's nothing! See THIS scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!

That's nothing! See THIS scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!



C'mon, Squint ... you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has ...  
Pretty teeth, dear ...  
And he shows them ...  
Pearly white ...

Boy ... with these Old Salts, everything is a SONG CUE!!



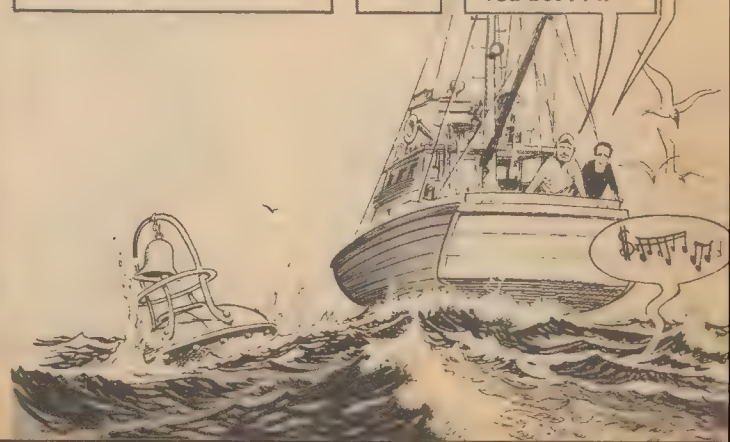
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music ...??

Yeah!  
Yeah!  
I hear it!!

Does that mean anything to you?

You bet ...!





Hey . . . what the hell are you doing???

I'm sorry! Okay . . . YOU lead!

That's not dance music, dummy! It's the theme of the shark! It follows him wherever he goes!

He must be one of those rare Mantovani sharks!!

For Pete's sake, will you please let me go, now!

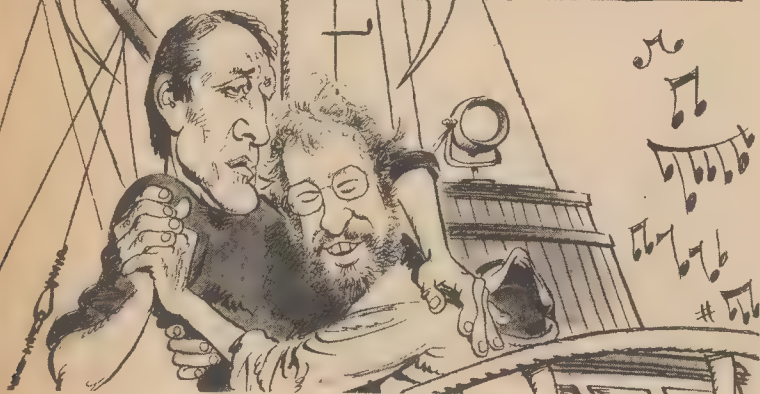
Give me one more minute! I'm a fantastic dipper!

What are YOU doing, Squint?

I'm shooting this harpoon . . . with a barrel tied to it . . . into him! That's so we'll know where he is at all times . . . and in what direction he's swimming!

I see! And then, we FOLLOW him?

No, then we go in the OTHER direction! A guy can get KILLED around here!!



Good Lord! Three harpoons in him . . . and he's still coming at us! I've got to admit . . . I'm STUMPED!!

You WILL be . . . if he sinks this boat!

Wait! I have an idea that just might save us—but it's not completely worked out yet! Why don't I climb into this cage, and you lower me into the water! That'll lure the shark toward me, and I'll kill him!

How will you KILL him???

Er—that's the part I haven't worked out yet!

Hey, I've got it! STRYCHNINE!! This poison will kill ANYTHING!

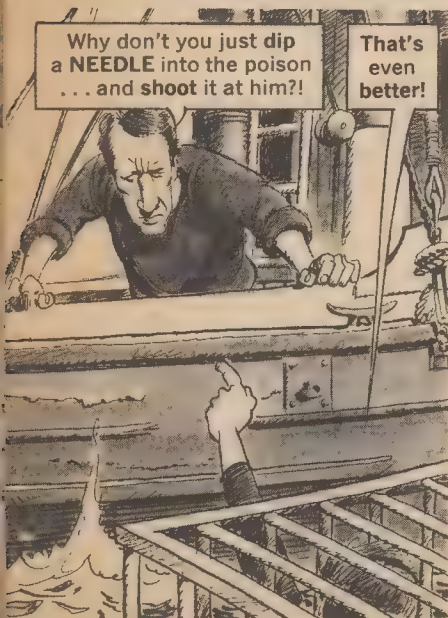
Great! Only HOW will you give it to the SHARK?!

Good question! Uh . . . I know! I know! Oh, it's so simple! Why didn't I think of this before! What I'll do is MIX TWO MARTINIS! Then, I'll propose a toast, and when the shark isn't looking, I'll slip some of this into HIS!

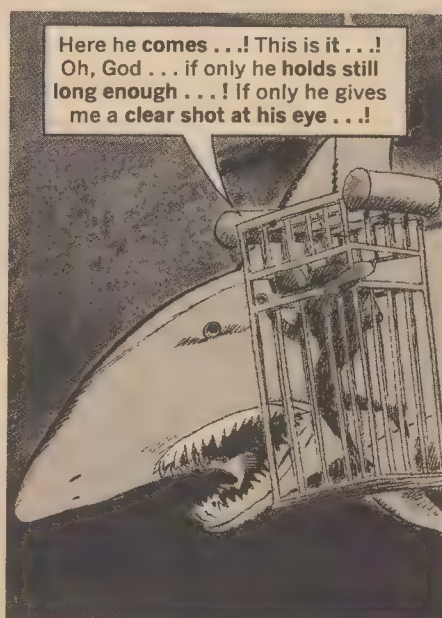


Why don't you just dip a NEEDLE into the poison . . . and shoot it at him?!

That's even better!



Here he comes . . .! This is it . . .! Oh, God . . . if only he holds still long enough . . .! If only he gives me a clear shot at his eye . . .!



If only I didn't drop the needle!!





He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS...

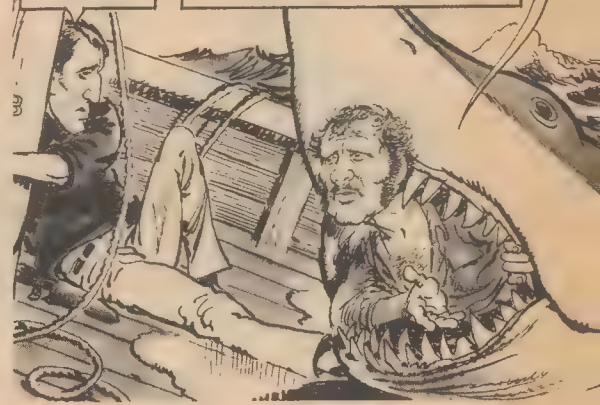
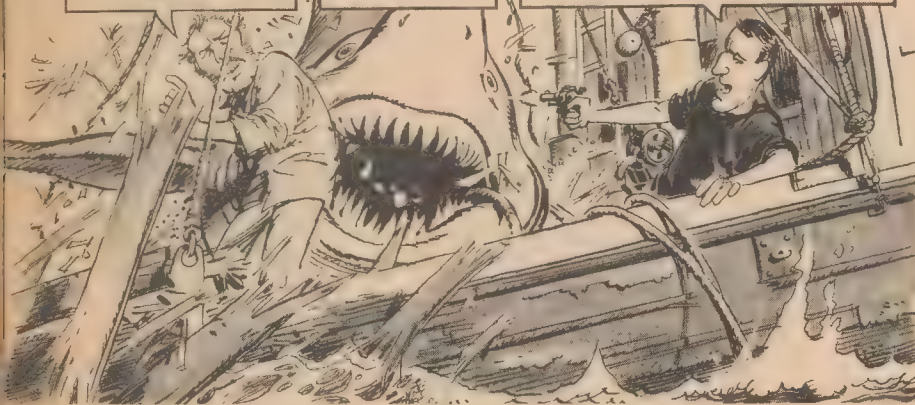
OKAY, SHARK... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT...

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



Whatever...

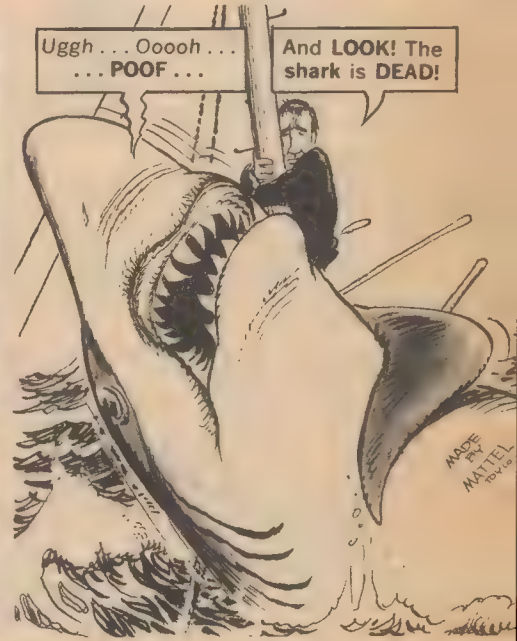
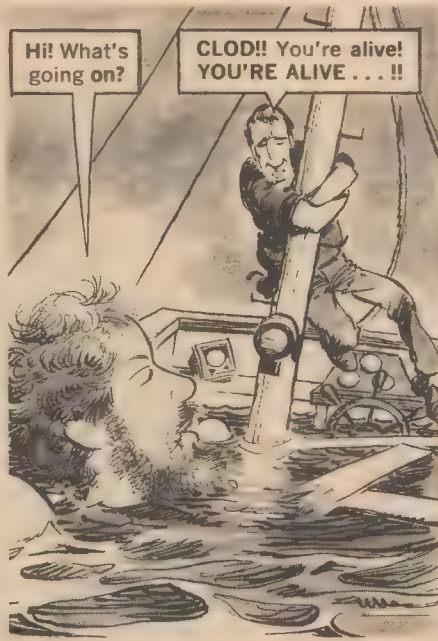
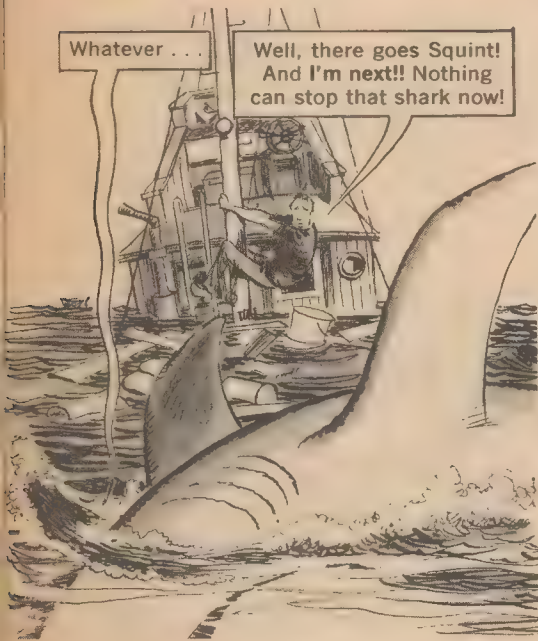
Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!

Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE...!!

Ughh... Ooooh... POOF...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is that?

It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater... and he destroyed my cage... and there I was, swimming around, helpless... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage...

You mean...

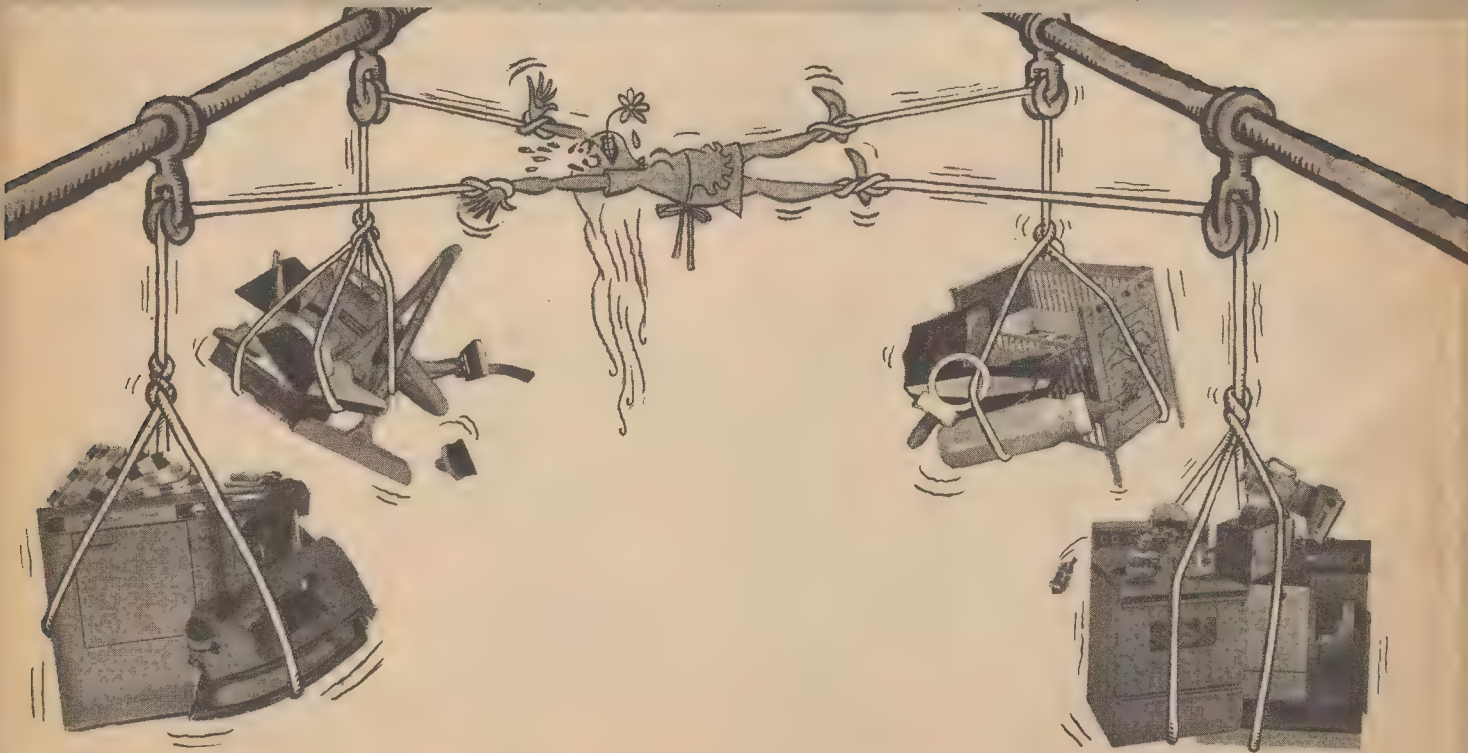
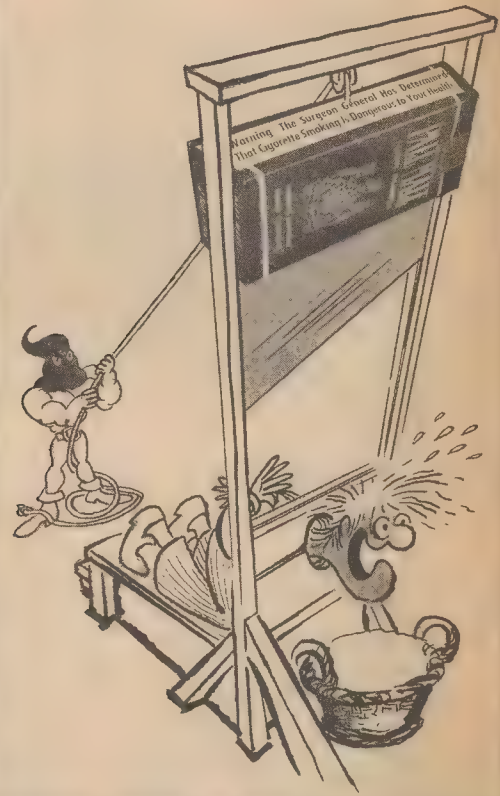
Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!





A MAD  
PORTFOLIO OF...

CONTEMPORARY



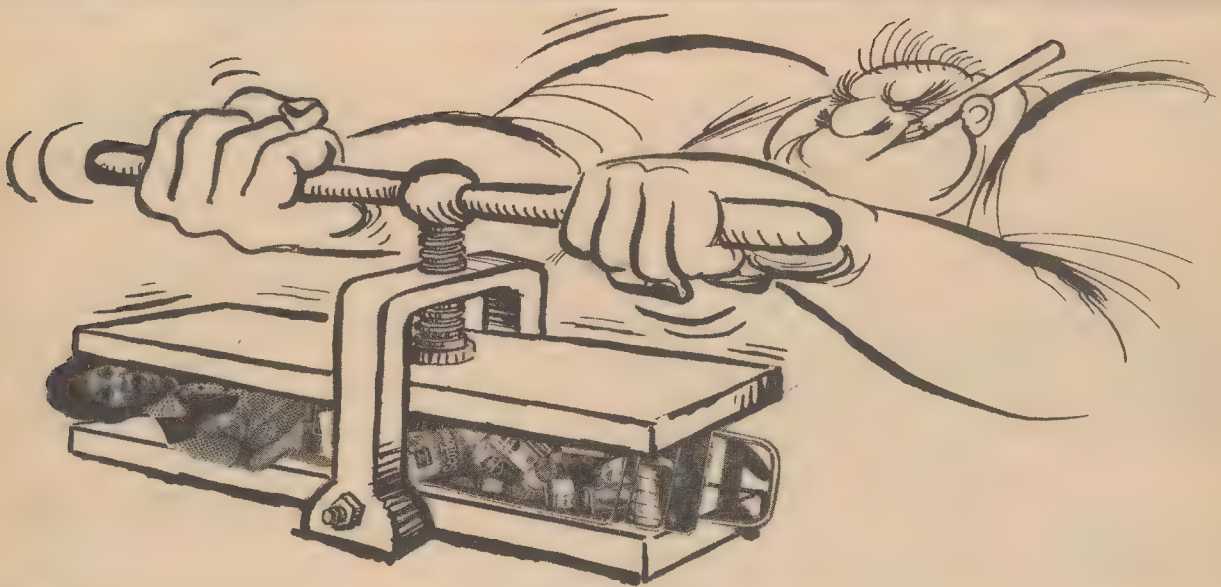
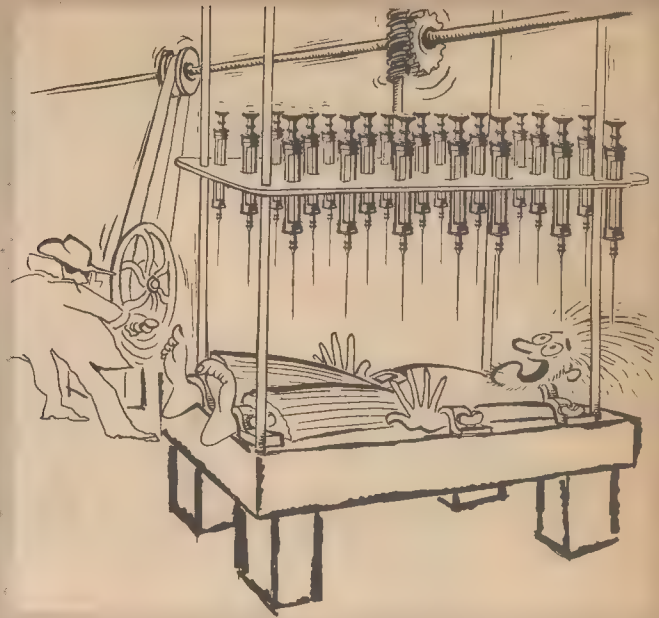
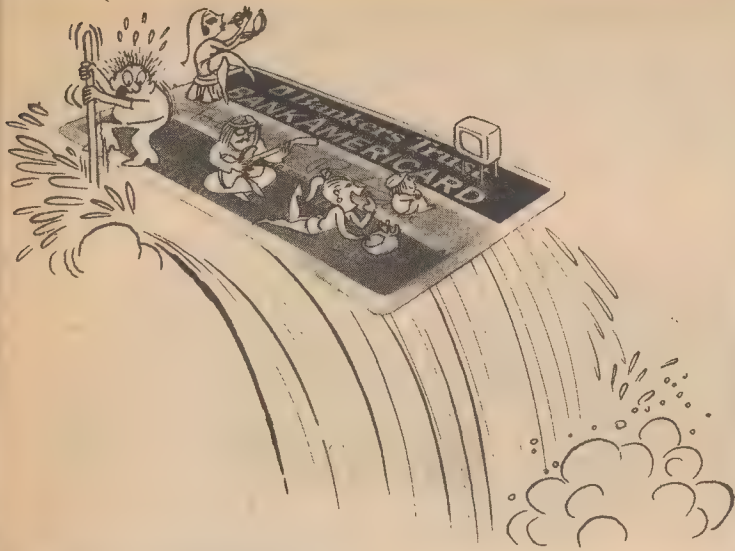


# RY HORROR SCENES

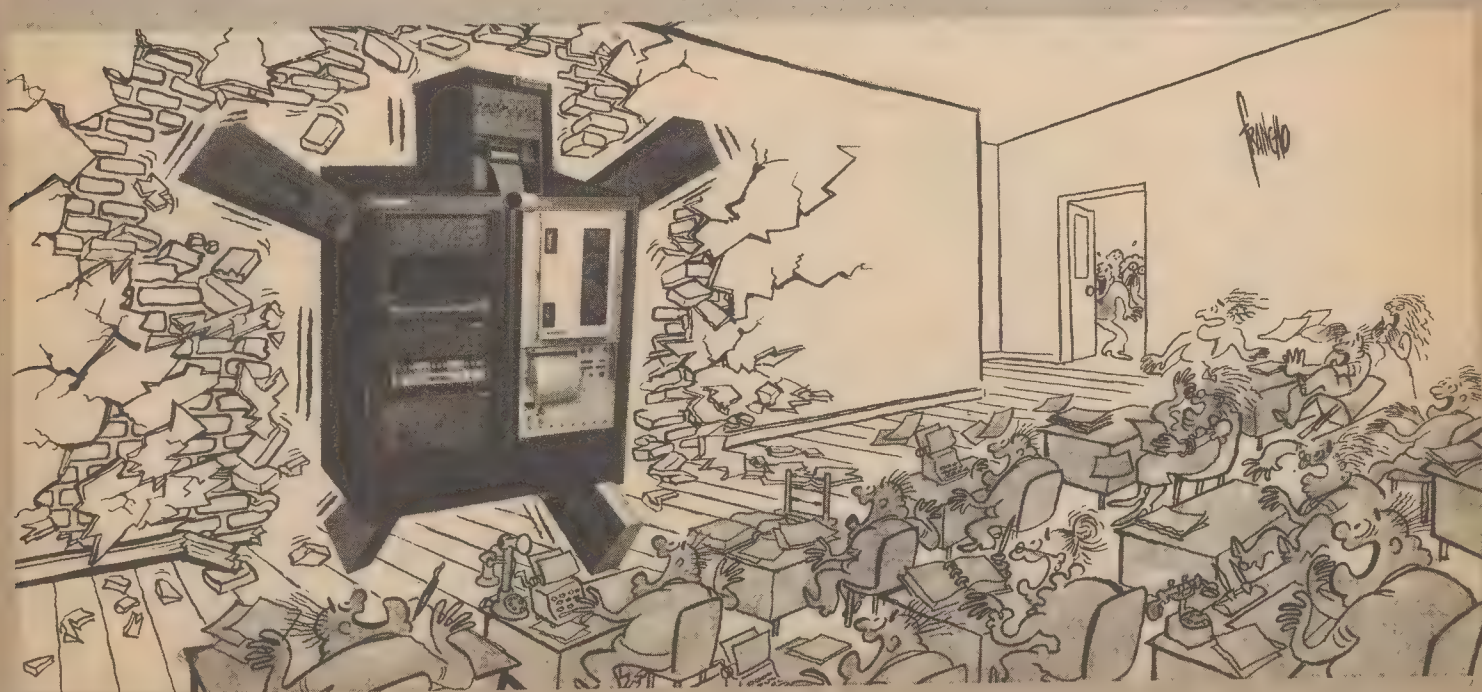
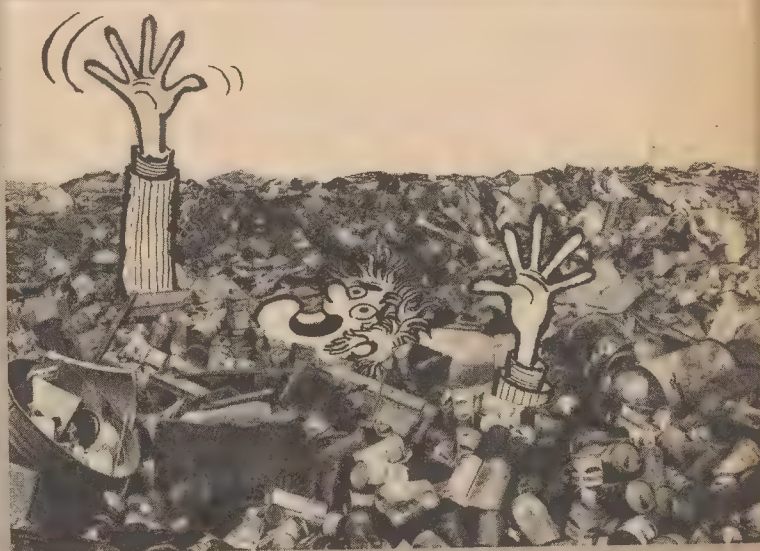
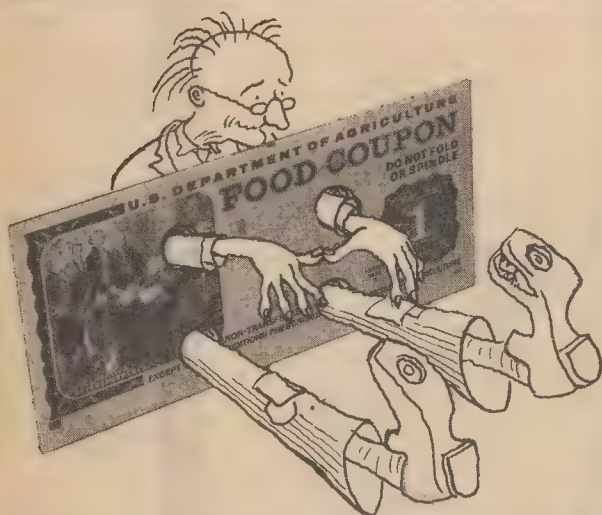
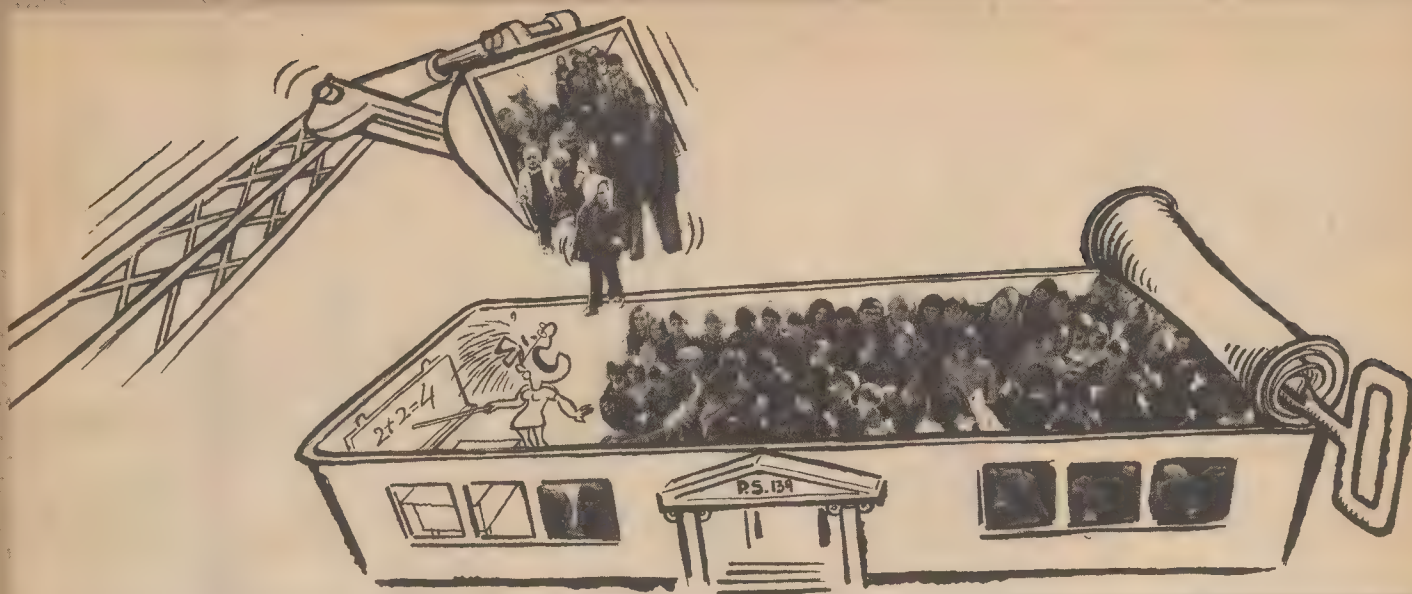
ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI













## AFFRONTAL ATTACK DEPT.

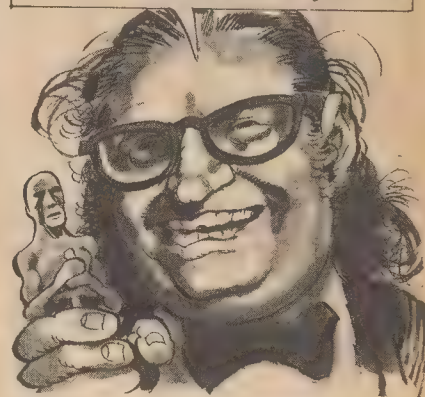
When NBC telecast "The Godfather"—the story of an Italian-American Crime Family, it made many announcements apologizing to all the Italian-Americans in the audience! These apologies were made before the show... at station breaks... and between commercials... until it seemed as if there were almost as many "Disclaimers" as there were killings in the movie itself! Like—



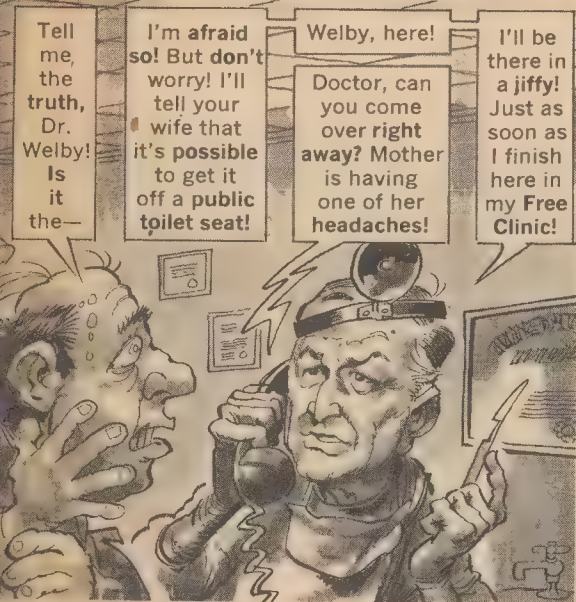
Y-you . . . rotten fink! Couldn't you at least have . . . waited until I finished my pasta?!

And . . . what are you shooting ME for?! I-I'm not even Italian!!

Hello! I'm Mario Putzo, author of "The Godfather!" I want to make it clear that the characters portrayed in this film do not represent the vast majority of Italians, who are honest, law-abiding citizens and who have made many major contributions to our revered American Way of Life!



## MARCUS WELBY, M.D.



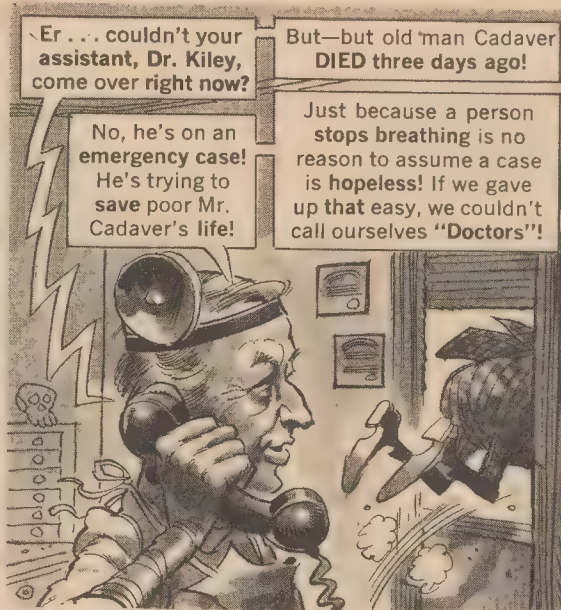
Tell me, the truth, Dr. Welby! Is it the—

I'm afraid so! But don't worry! I'll tell your wife that it's possible to get it off a public toilet seat!

Welby, here!

Doctor, can you come over right away? Mother is having one of her headaches!

I'll be there in a jiffy! Just as soon as I finish here in my Free Clinic!

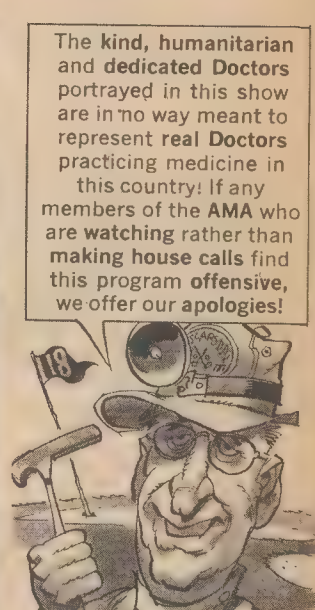


Er . . . couldn't your assistant, Dr. Kiley, come over right now?

But—but old man Cadaver DIED three days ago!

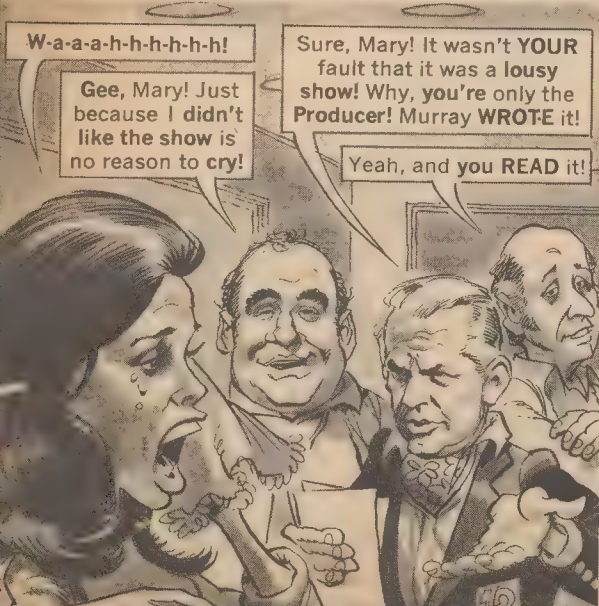
No, he's on an emergency case! He's trying to save poor Mr. Cadaver's life!

Just because a person stops breathing is no reason to assume a case is hopeless! If we gave up that easy, we couldn't call ourselves "Doctors"!



The kind, humanitarian and dedicated Doctors portrayed in this show are in no way meant to represent real Doctors practicing medicine in this country! If any members of the AMA who are watching rather than making house calls find this program offensive, we offer our apologies!

## THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW

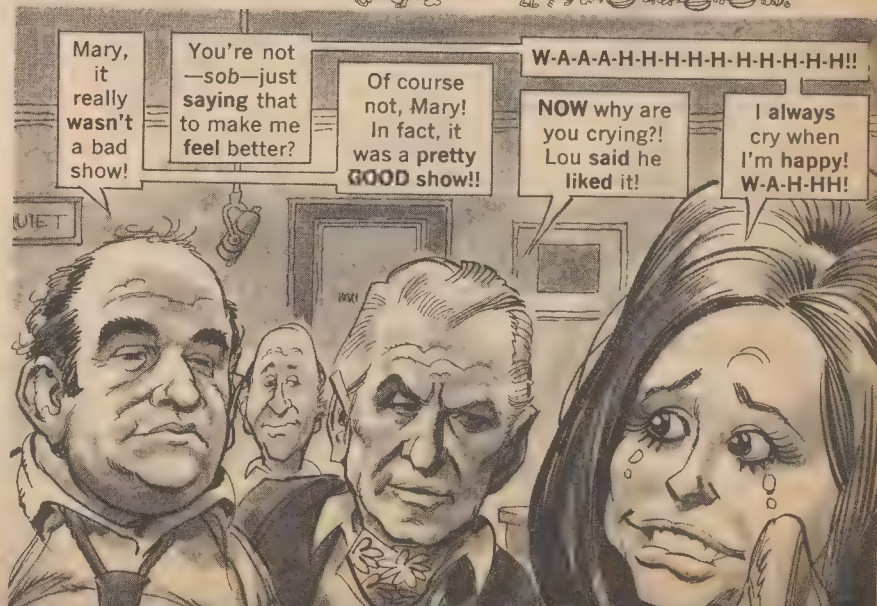


W-a-a-a-h-h-h-h-h-h!

Gee, Mary! Just because I didn't like the show is no reason to cry!

Sure, Mary! It wasn't YOUR fault that it was a lousy show! Why, you're only the Producer! Murray WROTE it!

Yeah, and you READ it!



Mary, it really wasn't a bad show!

You're not—sob—just saying that to make me feel better?

Of course not, Mary! In fact, it was a pretty GOOD show!!

W-A-A-A-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H!!

NOW why are you crying? Lou said he liked it!

I always cry when I'm happy! W-A-H-HH!



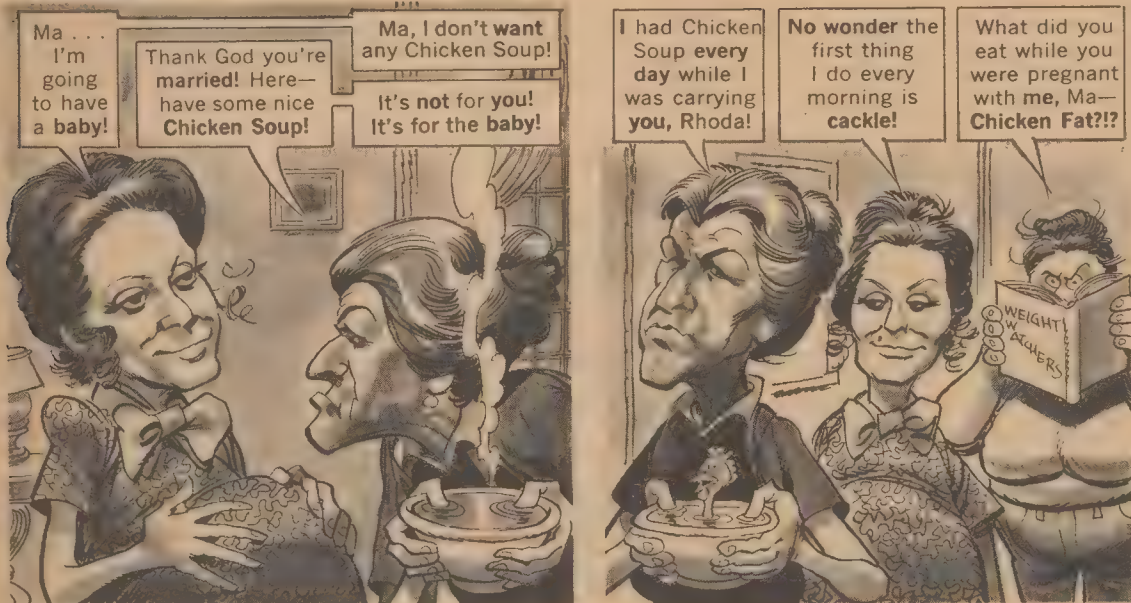
Well, we at MAD think that these "Disclaimers" are a great idea! And since every TV show insults some group or other, here are...

# TV DISCLAIMERS We'd Like To See

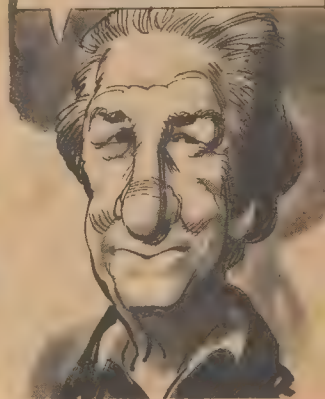
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

## RHODA



The Network would like to assure its viewers that ... unlike the caricature portrayed in this series ... most Jewish Mothers are intelligent, rational, people, many of whom don't even LIKE Chicken Soup!



## SANFORD AND SON

The Female Producer shown in this series in no way bears any resemblance to the millions of women engaged in various business careers! In fact, surveys have shown that women in business do not cry any more than men do!



Hi, Son! How d'you like my new TV set?

What'd you do—steal it!??

I bought it off Leroy The Looter!

Well, Leroy stole it, so you're as guilty as he is!!

Le'me explain somethin' t' you, Son! Lootin' ain't STEALIN'! It's—uh—TAKIN' somethin' that's sittin' in the window of a Whitey store, just ASKIN' t' be taken!



The vast majority of Black Americans are basically honest, industrious people! The characters portrayed in "Sanford and Son" are not intended to represent them ... only to help them work off some of their well-founded hostilities!





## PETROCELLI

If we'd only get one client who could pay a fee, we'd be able to buy these bricks by the truckload instead of one at a time!

Your name Petrocelli? I need a Lawyer! I'm a rich man, so you can name your own price!

Why do you want ME as your lawyer? I heard you were the best and I always buy the best!

Go get yourself somebody else, Mister, I'm not for sale!

I'm in bad trouble and I need a Lawyer, Mr. Petrocelli! Only I ain't got no money!

Don't worry about it! I'll take your case!

Hey, where you goin'?

Forget it! Any Lawyer that'd turn down a rich client for a charity case can't be much good!

The Lawyer in this show is depicted as honest, hardworking and more interested in a client's welfare than his money! This in no way is meant to reflect on members of the Legal Profession in this country, and we apologize to any Lawyers who might be offended! Deliver subpoenas for Defamation of Character suits to Room 32, NBC!



## MacMILLAN AND WIFE

Commissioner, I've got to talk to you!

But, Sir! Your Wife has been kidnapped again, and they want a big ransom!! Are you going to pay it?

Not now! I just saw that man jaywalk!

I don't think I'll HAVE to, Sergeant!



Boy, I wouldn't want to be in YOUR shoes! You guys are in trouble! My Husband is the Police Commissioner, and he doesn't like people to kidnap his wife! Besides, you're making me miss the Annual Charity Bazaar! And I forgot to tell the Maid to lay out the Commissioner's tuxedo! Oh, gosh! Can I make one phone call? I must make an appointment with my hairdresser!

Hey... we gotta dump this broad!

But what about the ransom?!!

Are you kidding?! Who's gonna pay any bread for THIS birdbrain?! We'll probably have to pay her old man to take her back from us!



## THE JEFFERSONS

LOUISE!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!!

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?!!

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE WASHING DISHES AND I WON'T HAVE ANY WIFE OF MINE DOING DOMESTIC WORK... IS THAT CLEAR?!!

IT'S CLEAR TO ME, GEORGE... AND IT'S CLEAR TO EVERYBODY IN THIS BUILDING! YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH!!

Listen, Lionel... we'd better leave! Your folks seem to be having an argument!

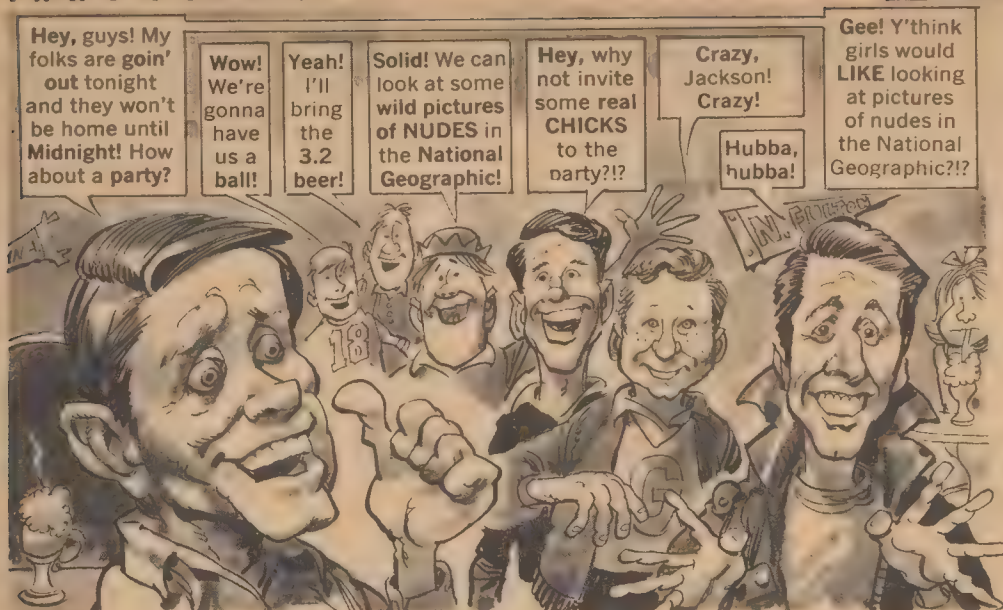
No, that's just their normal conversation! When they have an argument... then you really hear screaming!

The constantly fighting married couple in this series does not typify the millions of married couples in this country, some of whom are actually happy and speak in conversational tones! When watching this show, turn down the sound so as not to disturb your neighbor... who may be asleep in the next chair!





## HAPPY DAYS

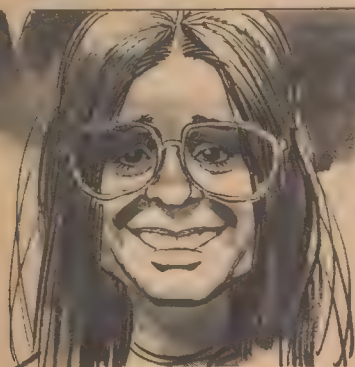


The over-aged, over-sexed, immature, naive youngsters shown in this series are not intended to represent the normal teenagers of the '50's . . . or any **OTHER** years, for that matter!



## THE BOB NEWHART SHOW

The Network would like to assure you that the **Police Commissioner** portrayed in this show is in no way representative of the many dedicated, intelligent **Police Commissioners** in this country . . . and we'd also like to apologize to all the women who are married to public officials! In fact, we would like to apologize to **ALL WOMEN** for the character of the **Commissioner's Wife** on this show!



Was that a patient calling?

No, Bob, it was a wrong number!

Well, you **COULD** have asked if they needed psychological help! After all, dialing a wrong number could be symptomatic of a mental disorder!



The **Psychologist** depicted in this series is not intended to represent the overwhelming majority of **Shrinks** who are wealthy, successful people that can afford to have their own **Private Secretaries** and do not have to share them with others!



## ALL IN THE FAMILY

What a day! I'm tellin' you, I don' know what this country's comin' to! All the seats in the subway was taken by **Spics, Yids, Coloreds and Eytalians!** An' me . . . a hunnert percent taxpayin' American . . . had t' stand!!

Archie, if pure ignorance were gold, you would be rich!

Hey, Meathead! That reminds me! I heard a good joke today! You know how to play **Polish Roulette** . . . ?

You use six bullets!

I don't get the joke, Archie!

That's 'cause you ain't a **Polack!** You're a **Dingbat!**

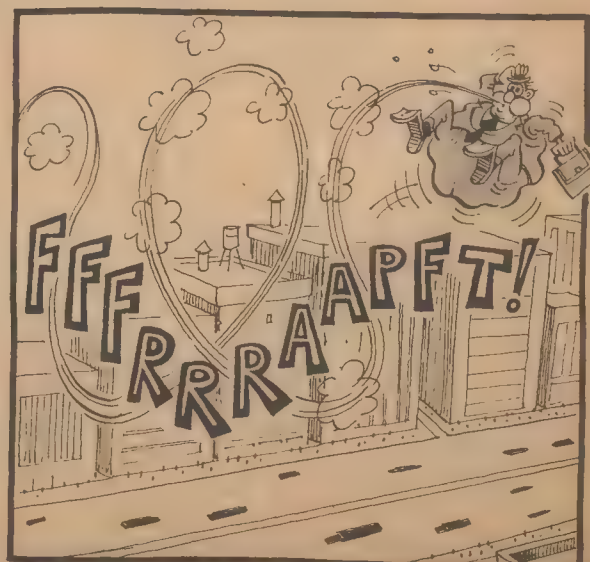
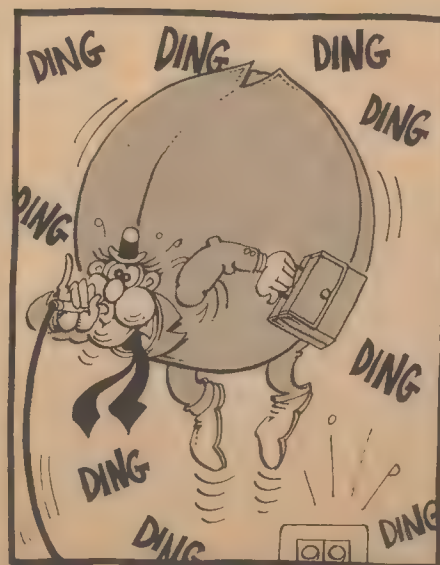
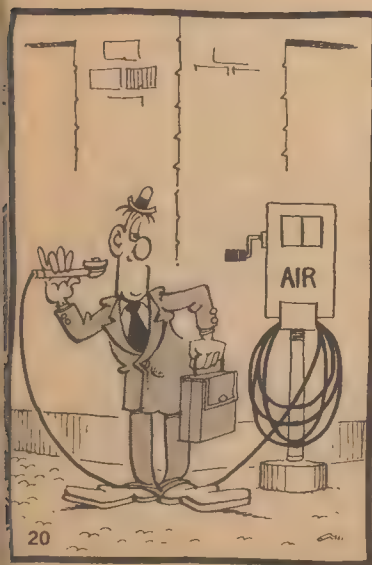
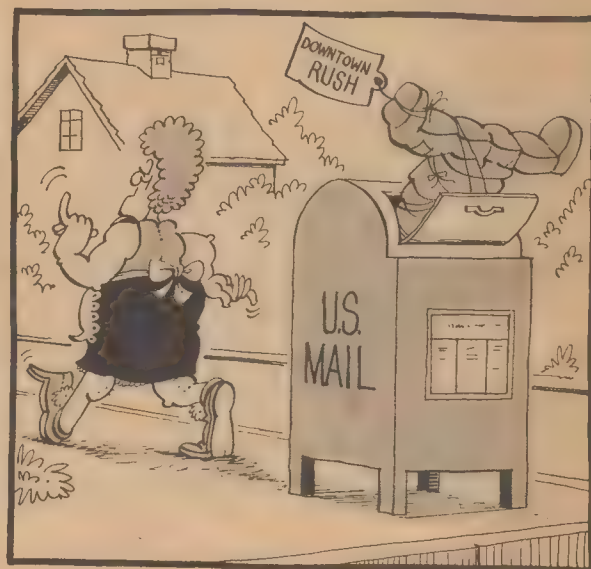
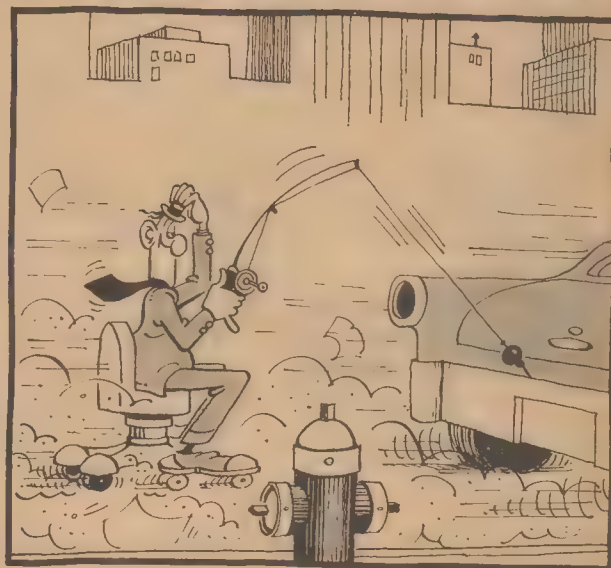
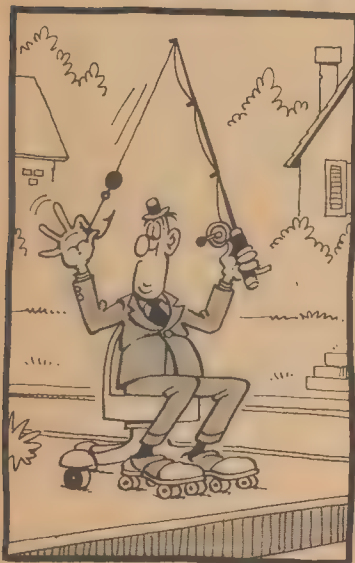


We'd like to apologize to any **bigots** who may be offended by this program! Most bigots are not uncouth slobs like Archie Bunker! Indeed, many of our worst bigots are **educated people** holding very high positions in business and government!



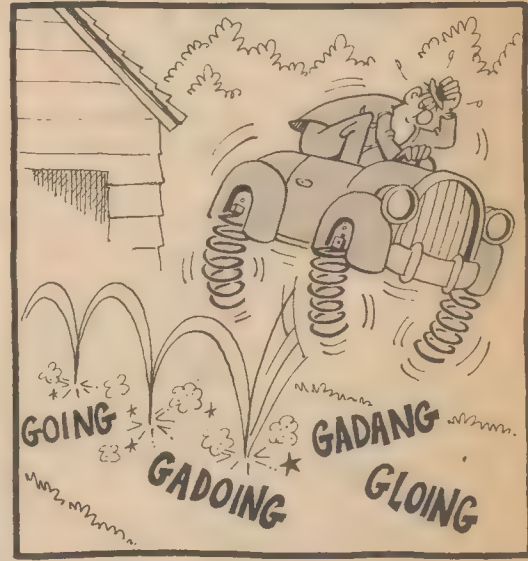
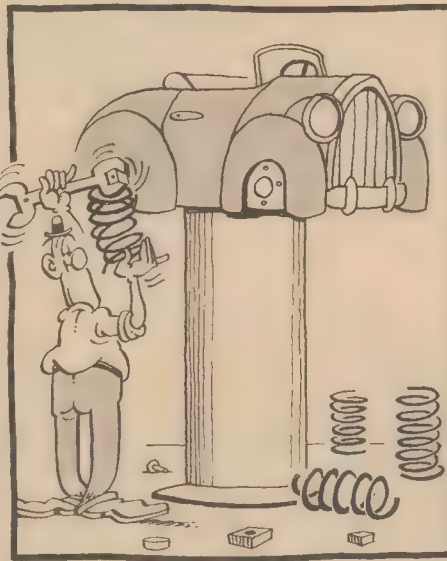
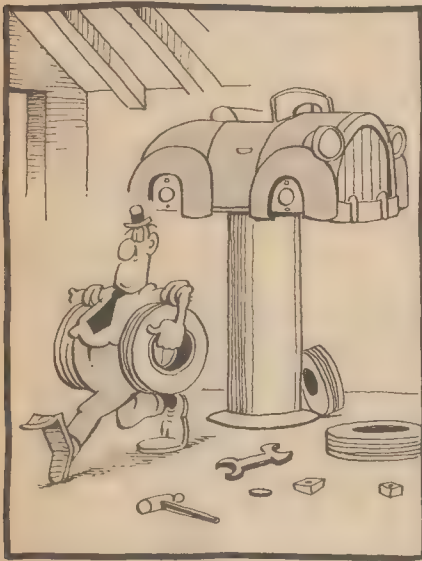
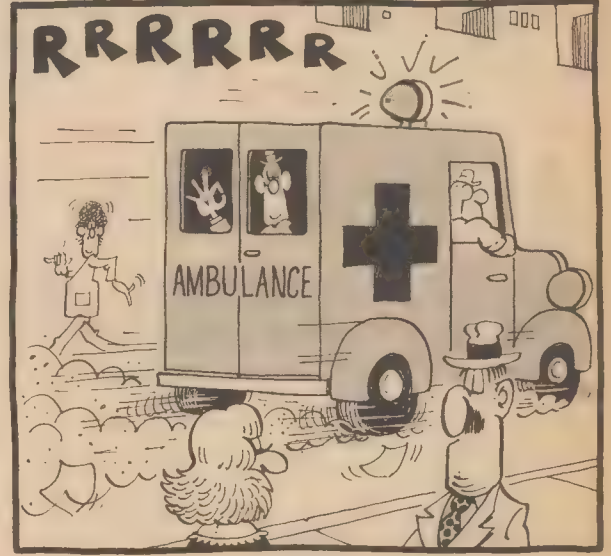
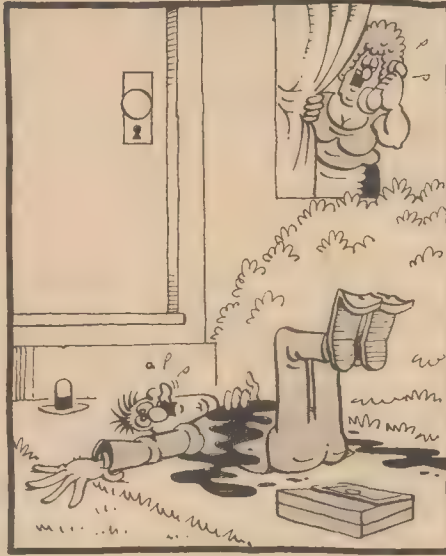


# DON MARTIN BEATS THE

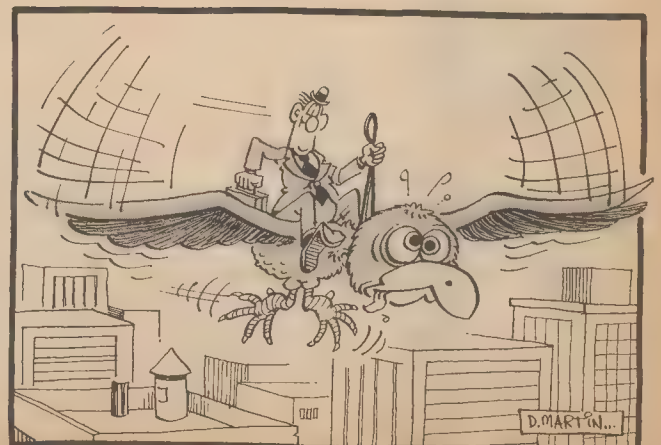
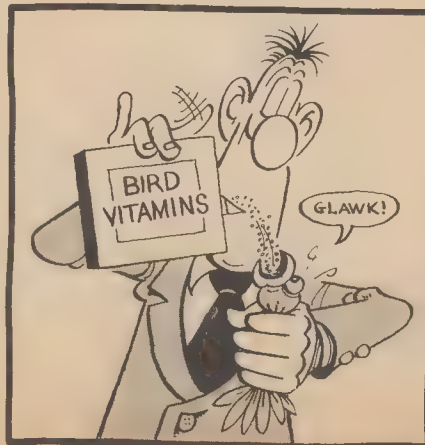
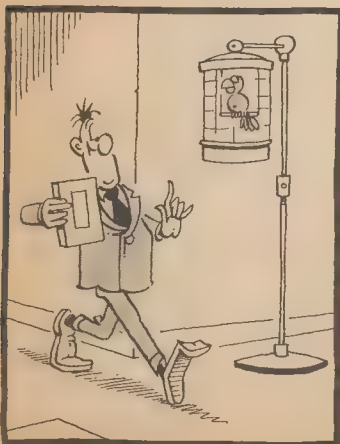
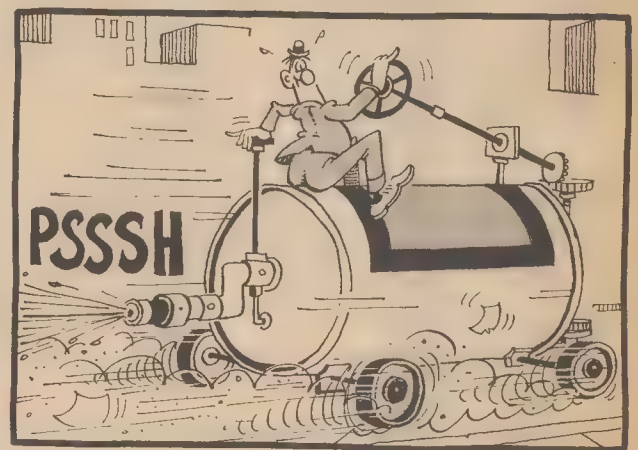
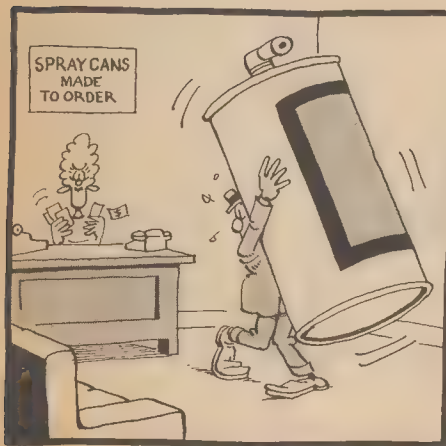
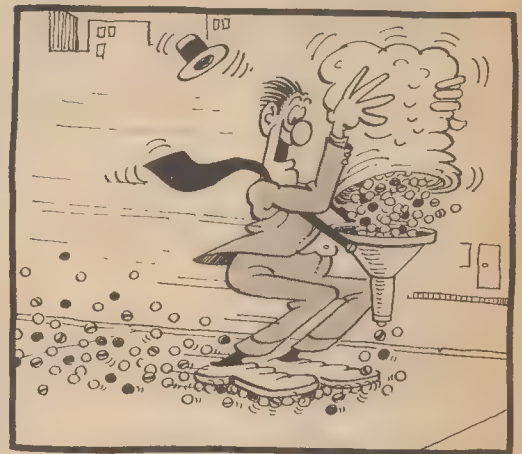
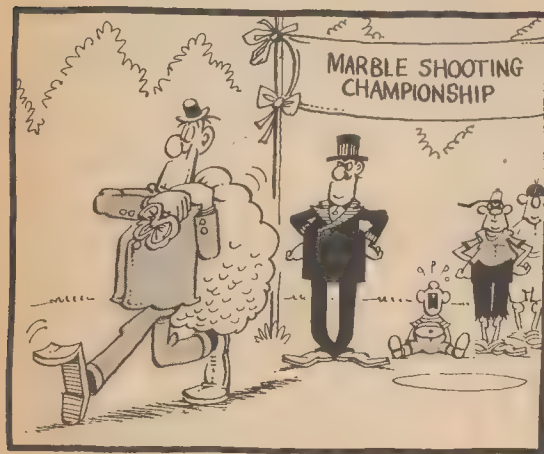
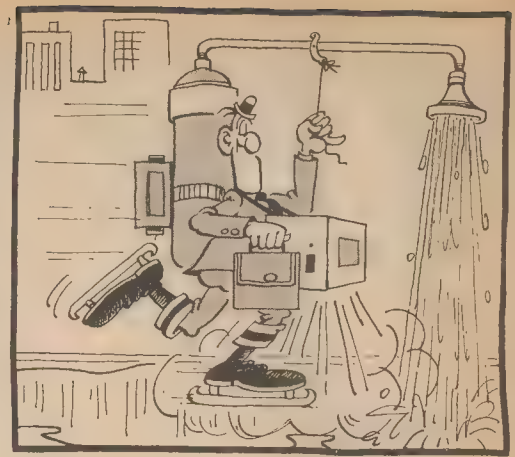
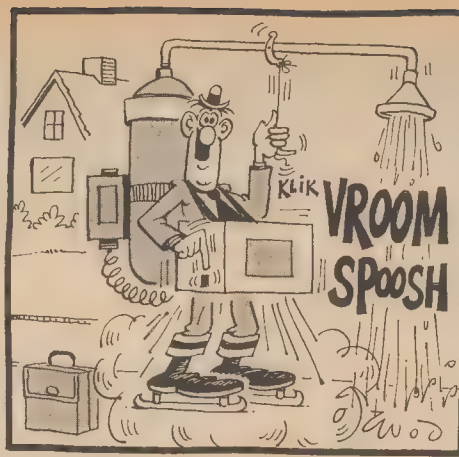
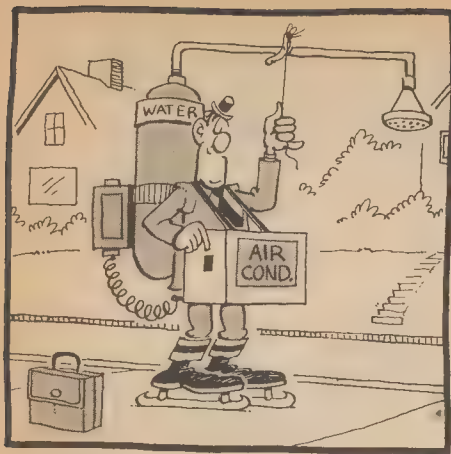




# HIGH COST OF GASOLINE









## AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

# RIPOFF CAFE ACCESSORIES, INC. RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR PURVEYORS OF  
GOURMET CUISINE ONLY

Sales To The Common Rabble Forbidden





**FILL YOUR PARKING LOT** with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

**4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS**

**\$695.00 doz.**  
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Corvairs)

**DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS** with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

**27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans).....\$11.50 doz.**

(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese.)

**TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS** save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

**8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS.....\$61.75 gross**

**PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS** tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all depicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

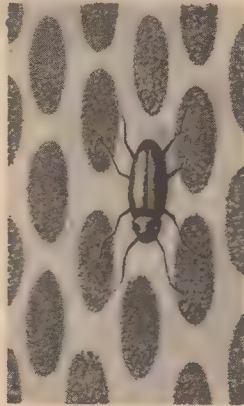
**4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES.....\$9.75 doz.**

**4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS.....\$47.50 doz.**



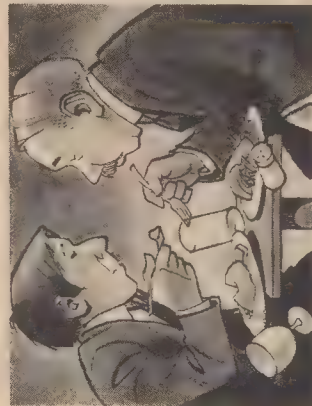
**PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK** enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientele printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

**8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK.....\$11.95**



**COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN** tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

**4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING.....\$14.50 per square yd.**



**TINY DINING TABLES** let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

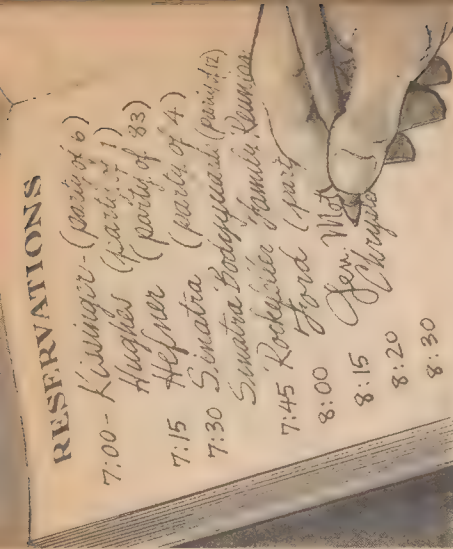
**1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES**

**1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES.....\$49.95 pr.**

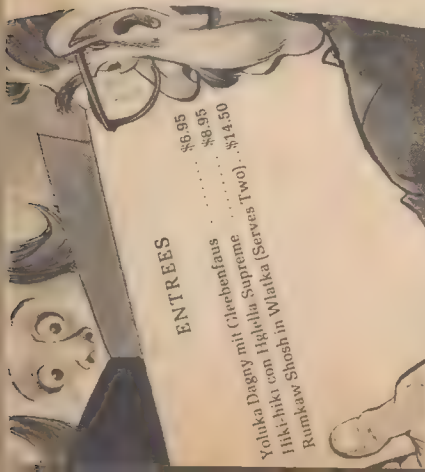


**STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING** when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke.

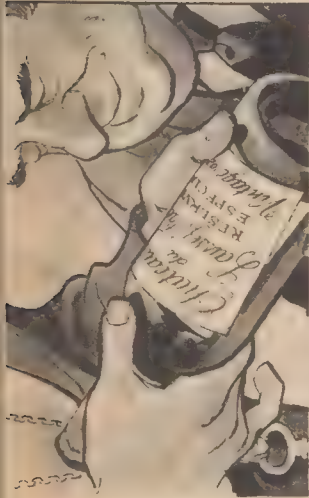
**23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS.....\$3.50 doz.**







**MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES** silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.  
**44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS.....\$15.25 doz.**



**IMPORTED WINE LABELS** cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.  
**5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS.....\$6.50 per gross**  
**5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS.....\$3.75 per gross**  
**5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS.....69¢ per gross**



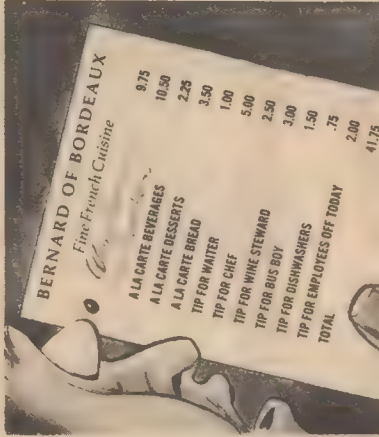
**OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES** enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.  
**47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES \$17.50 doz.**



**STOP WASTING MONEY** on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Likelike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)  
**5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH \$8.49 qt.**



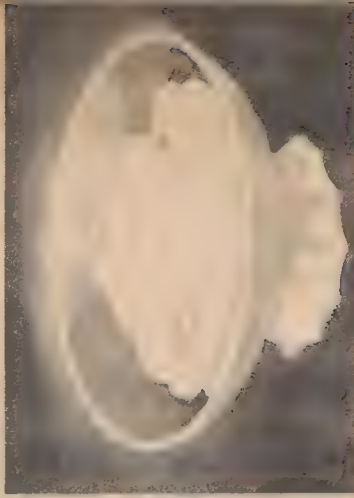
**GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH** helps justify your \$4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crepes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handsomely packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)  
**56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH \$24.95**



**PRE-ADDED CHECKS** eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.  
**12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS \$75 per 1,000**



**SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES** often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at \$1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.  
**4866—SUDSY SWEETS....\$4.75 doz.**



**BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS.** Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.  
**38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS.....\$2.69 lb.**

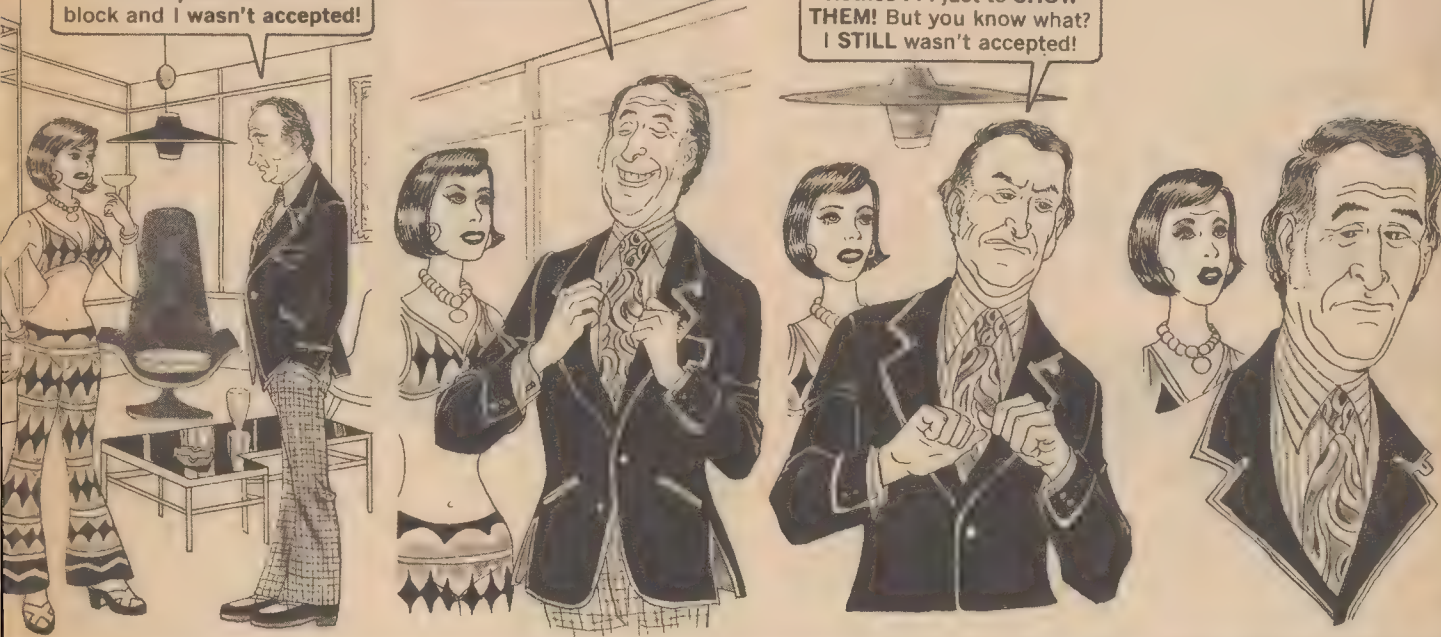


When I was growing up, we lived in an upper-middle-class neighborhood! But I was the "poor kid" on the block and I wasn't accepted!

So I left! And after years of hard work, I made good! I became rich and famous!

Then, one day, I went back to my old neighborhood in my big Cadillac and fancy clothes . . . just to SHOW THEM! But you know what? I STILL wasn't accepted!

Today, it's a Black Ghetto!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



Son, I have bad news! My company is moving me again to another branch office in another state!

Aw, gee! But . . . what about my FRIENDS?

I know it's hard for you, Son! It's just as hard for your Mother and me to tear up roots and start all over again!

Good friends aren't easy to come by!

I know it's hard for you, Son! But you'll be able to make all NEW good friends where we're going!

I'm not so sure about that!

We . . . we weren't HERE long enough for me to make any!





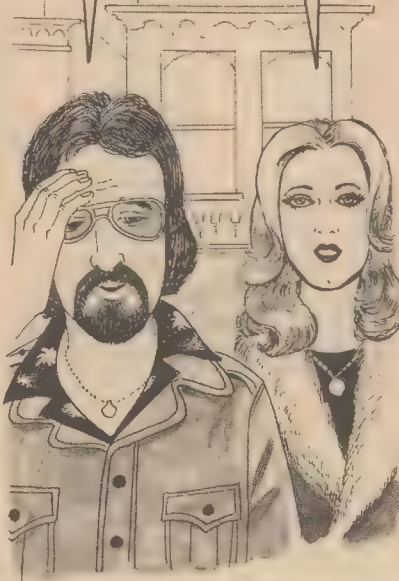
Will you look at that!!?  
Another small shopkeeper  
... going out of business!

From my earliest memory, there  
was always "Klein's Knick-Knack  
Shop"! It was a cornerstone  
of the community! It gave the  
neighborhood character and  
color! And now ... it's gone!

It's so sad,  
it almost  
makes me  
want to cry!

I can imagine how  
you feel ... after  
spending all those  
happy hours there—

WHAT happy hours? Actually,  
I never went into the place!



# ANGLE

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

If you're such a  
make-but artist,  
le'me see you  
score with that  
chick over there!

Okay!  
Stand  
back and  
watch me  
operate!

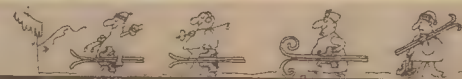
Hi, Sister!  
You're cute!

Oh ...  
bless you!

What's the  
matter,  
Tony? You  
look pale!

Yeah, Tony! How  
come you didn't  
make it with  
that chick?

Because ... gulp ...  
she really IS a Sister!





I have a **BIG** complaint, and I want to see a **BIG SHOT!**

What is the nature of your complaint?

Women and Blacks are replacing men in important positions! That's discrimination in **REVERSE!**

In that case, you'll want to see Vice-President McGilla, in Room 2207!

Yes? What can I do for you?

Er... could you direct me to the nearest exit?

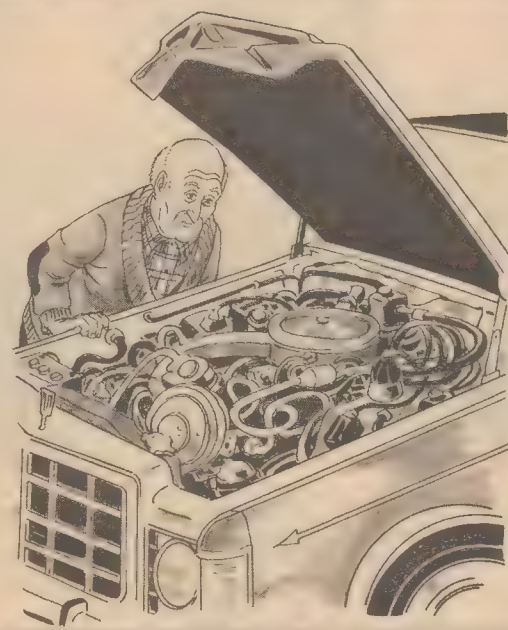
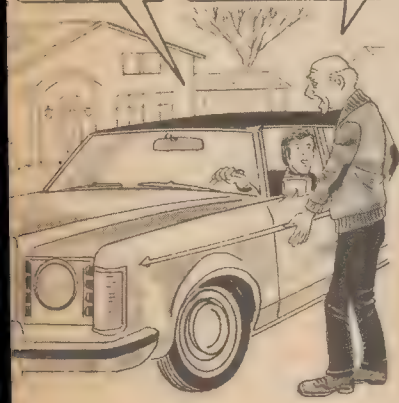


Gran'pa, my car doesn't sound right! Where's the nearest garage?

Right away, you have to go to a garage?!? What ever happened to simple American ingenuity?!?

When I was your age, and my car acted up, I'd open the hood, check the distributor and spark plugs, and in no time at all, it'd be working fine again! It's simple!

Gee, Gran'pa, would you look under **MY** hood...?



Two blocks north, then turn right! You'll find a good garage! It's very simple!

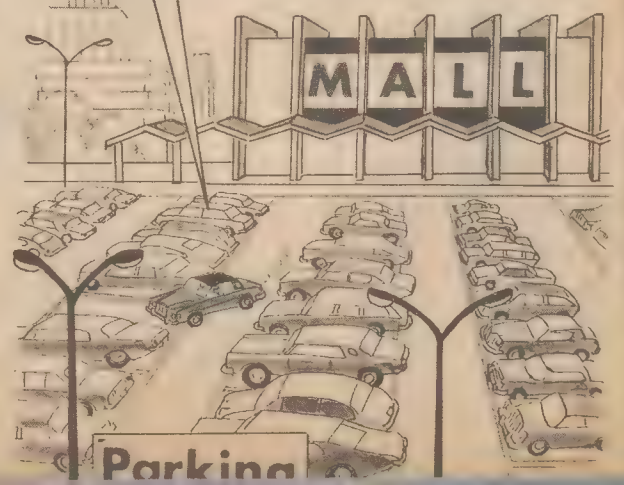


That old school of mine sure stirs up fond memories! The desks had ink wells in them! And I was the Ink Monitor! Today, you **don't** need things like that! Now, we have ball-point and felt-tipped pens!

Every time we get to this neighborhood, you always talk about your childhood Elementary School... but you never show it to me!

Okay! Look out the window!

The Principal's Office used to be where that blue Cadillac is parked... and the little Boy's Room was where that yellow Pinto is standing... and...





Hey, Sid!  
I hear  
you're  
moving!

Yep! I want  
my kids to  
get a piece  
of the pie!

And the only way they're  
gonna get it is by being  
**EDUCATED!** So I'm moving  
to where they can go to  
**BETTER SCHOOLS!**

Great!  
So where  
are you  
moving  
to?!

The Rock Ridge Section . . .

**WHAT?!?** That's a  
terrible neighborhood!  
It's worse than here!

That's true! But when you  
live there, your kids are  
**BUSSED** to the best schools!



Well, that's the last of  
our kids . . . married off!

Right! And finally, our  
responsibilities are over!

No more fussing  
over big family  
meals! No more  
washing and  
ironing chores!  
No more making  
lots of beds!

No more sitting up,  
waiting for them  
to come home from  
a late date! For  
the first time in  
twenty-five years,  
we're free! **FREE!**

Yes! And now, I can't wait  
for our first Grandchild  
. . . so we can **BABY SIT!**



Roger Kaputnik!!  
is that **YOU?!?**  
You've **CHANGED!!**

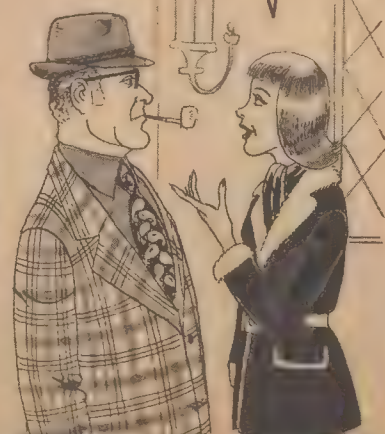
Really? Not  
that I'm  
aware of!

Sure! You always wore such drab  
clothing! Now, you're wearing a  
loud, flashy checked suit with  
a pink shirt and a paisley tie!

So?

So you used to dress  
**ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE!**  
What happened . . . ?!?

Today, this **IS** conservative!



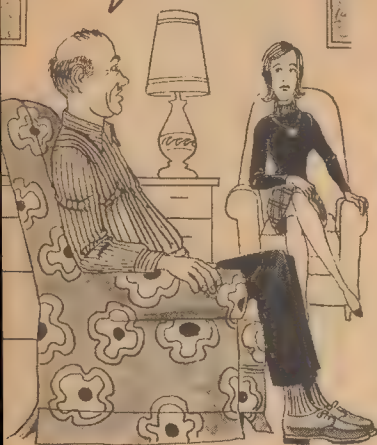


I can remember back when I didn't have to lock my car doors, and all my neighbors were really good neighbors!

Then, things began to change! Not only did I have to lock my car, but I had to install an **ALARM SYSTEM!**

Sure enough, one night, someone tried to break into my car which set off the alarm which started an ear-piercing racket that could be heard for blocks! But not **ONE** neighbor wanted to get involved! **NOBODY** tried to stop the crook!

Nothing!! I didn't want to get involved either!!



My gosh! What did you do?!!



Por favor, Señor? Habla usted Español?

Sorry, but I simply cannot understand you!

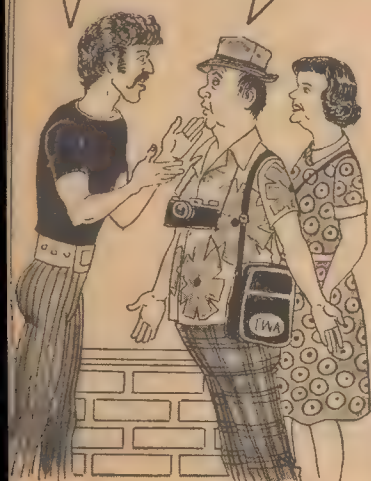
We should really make more of an effort to communicate with these locals . . . !

Ever since we arrived here as tourists, I've felt so stupid! Everybody speaks Spanish but me—even little kids!

When in Rome, do as the Romans do . . . !

But we're **NOT IN ROME!!**

**THIS IS THE UNITED STATES!**

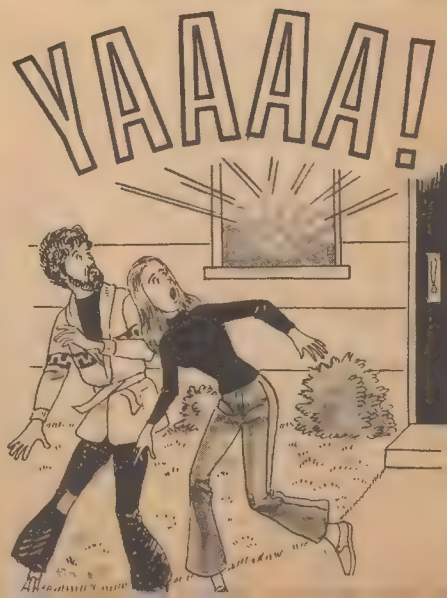
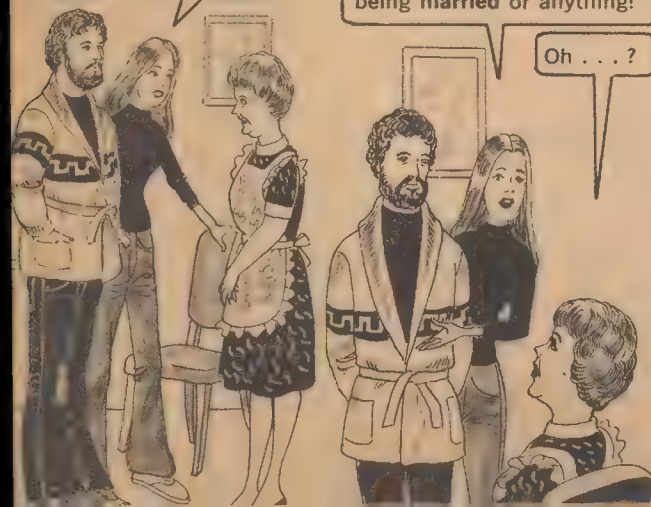


Mother, you'd better sit down! John and I have something to tell you!

For the past six months, John and I have been—uh—living together . . . without being married or anything!

Oh . . . ?

Considering what a strait-laced, puritanical square my Mother is, she took it rather well!





WE'VE COME UP WITH ANOTHER

**ECCH**

FOR YOUR  
**ECCH-MAS GIFT LIST!**

Mainly, this latest MAD Paperback Book!

GIVE ANY OR ALL SEVENTY-FOUR

**MAD**  
**PAPERBACK BOOKS**  
**FOR CHRISTMAS!**

(THEY'RE AN ECCH-CEPTIONAL VALUE!)



use coupon or duplicate

**MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022**

PLEASE SEND THE MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS I HAVE CHECKED BELOW TO:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT ALONG WITH THEM BLAMING:

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Bedside MAD        | <input type="checkbox"/> Burning MAD             | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories    | <input type="checkbox"/> Return of MAD Old Movies      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Son of MAD             | <input type="checkbox"/> Good 'n' MAD            | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN's Captain Klutz     | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD-Vertising                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Organization MAD   | <input type="checkbox"/> Hopping MAD             | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Cooks               | <input type="checkbox"/> A MAD Look at TV              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Like MAD               | <input type="checkbox"/> The Portable MAD        | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Comes On Strong     | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Ides of MAD        | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Power               | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Carries On          | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JEFFEE's MAD Book of Magic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fighting MAD           | <input type="checkbox"/> The Dirty Old MAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Steps Further Out   | <input type="checkbox"/> More AL JAFFEE Snappy Answers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The MAD Frontier       | <input type="checkbox"/> Polyunsaturated MAD     | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at the U.S.A.  | <input type="checkbox"/> AL JAFFEE's MAD Monstrosities |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD in Orbit           | <input type="checkbox"/> The Recycled MAD        | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at People      | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragonese's "Viva MAD"        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Voodoo MAD         | <input type="checkbox"/> The Non-Violent MAD     | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at Things      | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragonese's MAD about MAD     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greasy MAD Stuff       | <input type="checkbox"/> The Rip-Off MAD         | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Modern Thinking      | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragonese's MAD-ly Yours      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Three Ring MAD         | <input type="checkbox"/> The Token MAD           | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Our Sick World       | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragonese's In MAD We Trust   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Made MAD          | <input type="checkbox"/> The Pocket MAD          | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks at Living      | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragonese's MAD as the Devil  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The MAD Sampler        | <input type="checkbox"/> The Invisible MAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> DAVE BERG Looks Around         | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD for Better or Verse       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> World, World, etc. MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Dr. Jekyll & Mr. MAD    | <input type="checkbox"/> The All-New SPY vs. SPY        | <input type="checkbox"/> Sing Along With MAD           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Raving MAD             | <input type="checkbox"/> Steaming MAD            | <input type="checkbox"/> SPY vs. SPY Follow Up File     | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD About Sports              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boiling MAD            | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD At You              | <input type="checkbox"/> 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD's Talking Stamps          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Questionable MAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Steps Out    | <input type="checkbox"/> 4th MAD Classified SPY vs. SPY | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Word Power                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Howling MAD            | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Bounces Back | <input type="checkbox"/> A MAD Look at Old Movies       | <input type="checkbox"/> The MAD Jumble Book           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Indigestible MAD   |  |   | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Cradle to Grave Primer    |

I ENCLOSE 95c FOR EACH  
(Minimum Order: 6 Books)

On orders outside U.S.A. be sure to add 10% extra. Allow at least Eight weeks for delivery.

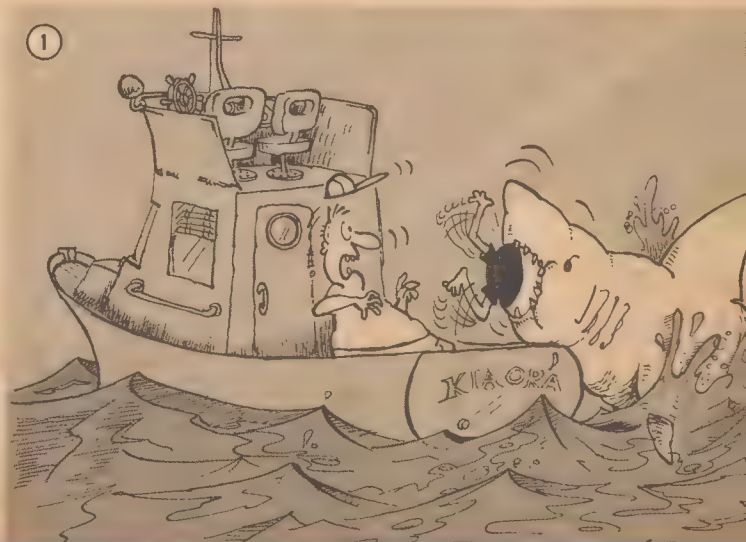
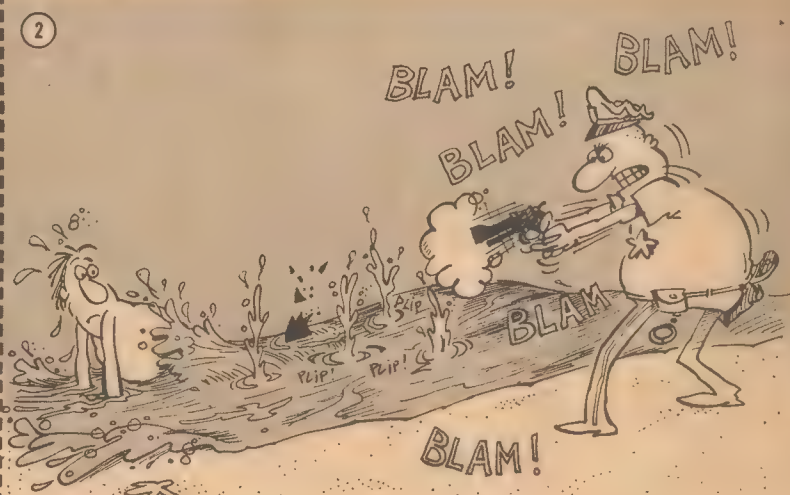
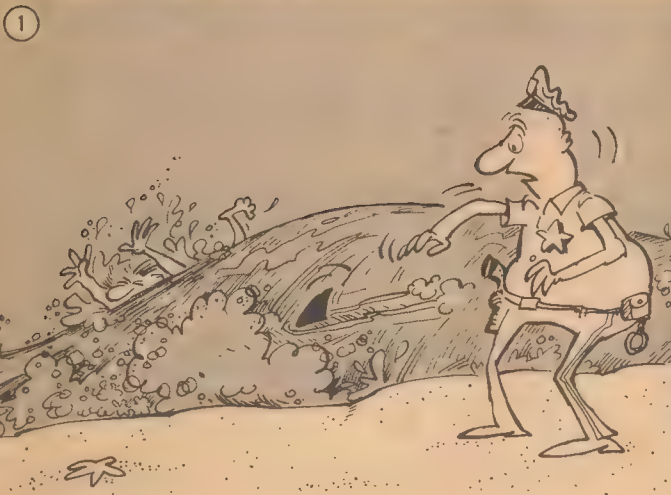
We're not responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred!



BITING HUMOR DEPT.

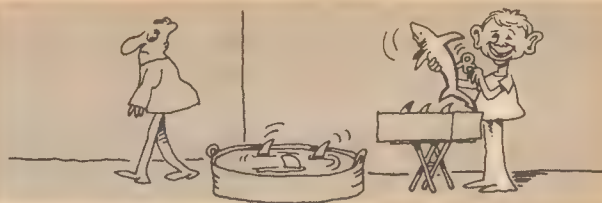
# A MAD LOOK AT

# SMHWA

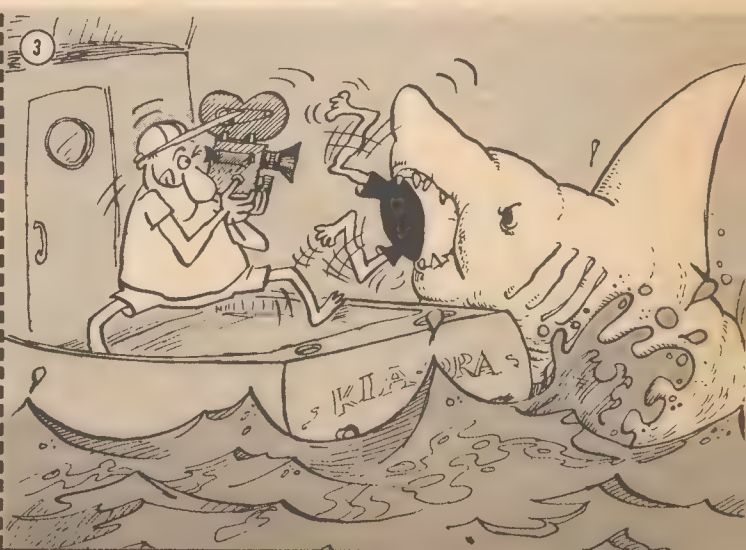
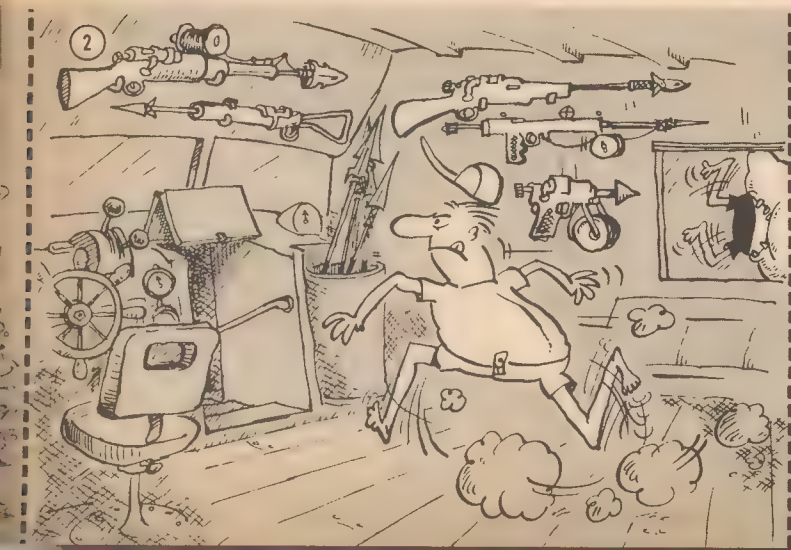
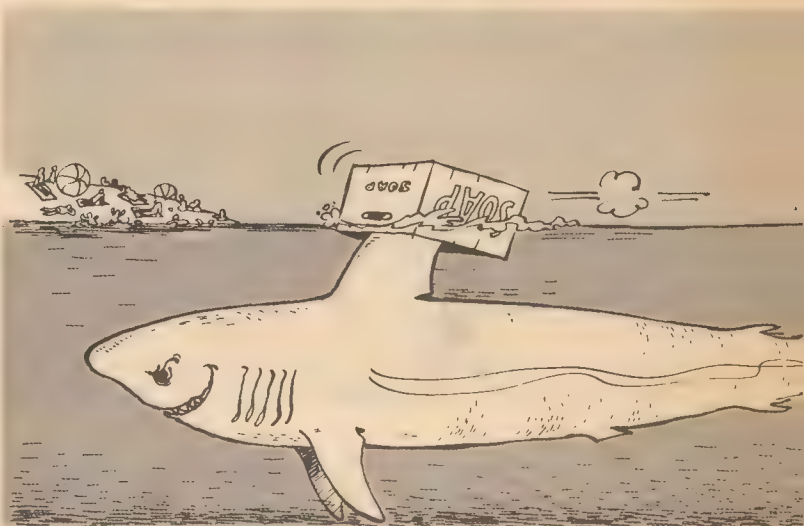
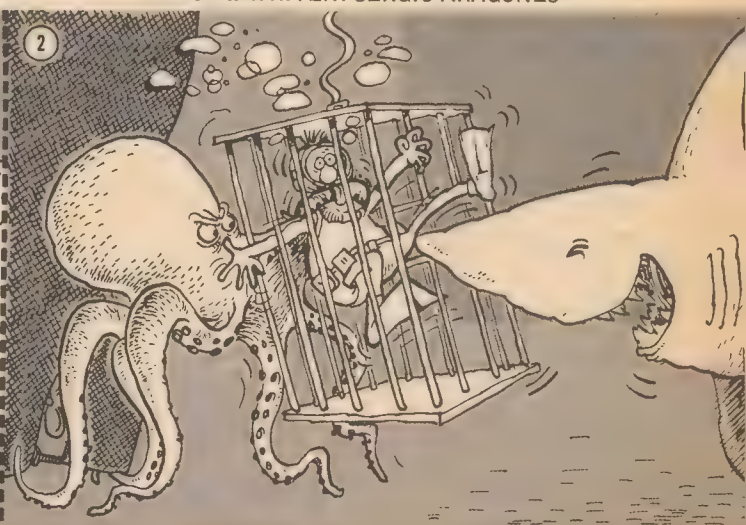
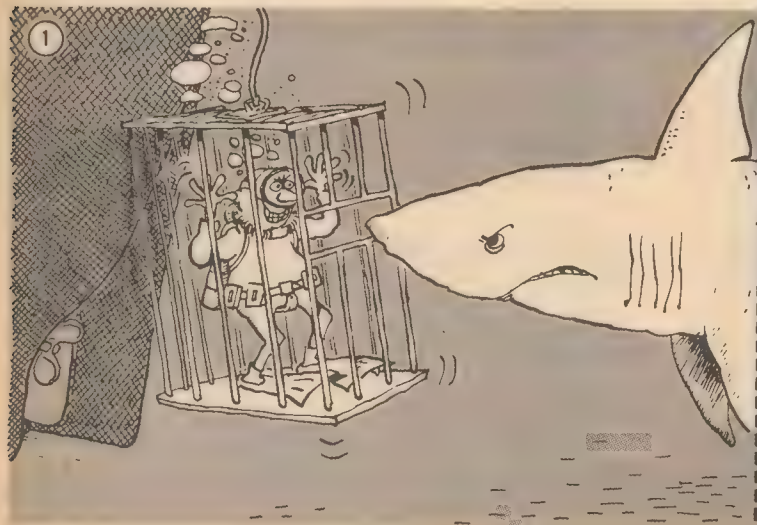




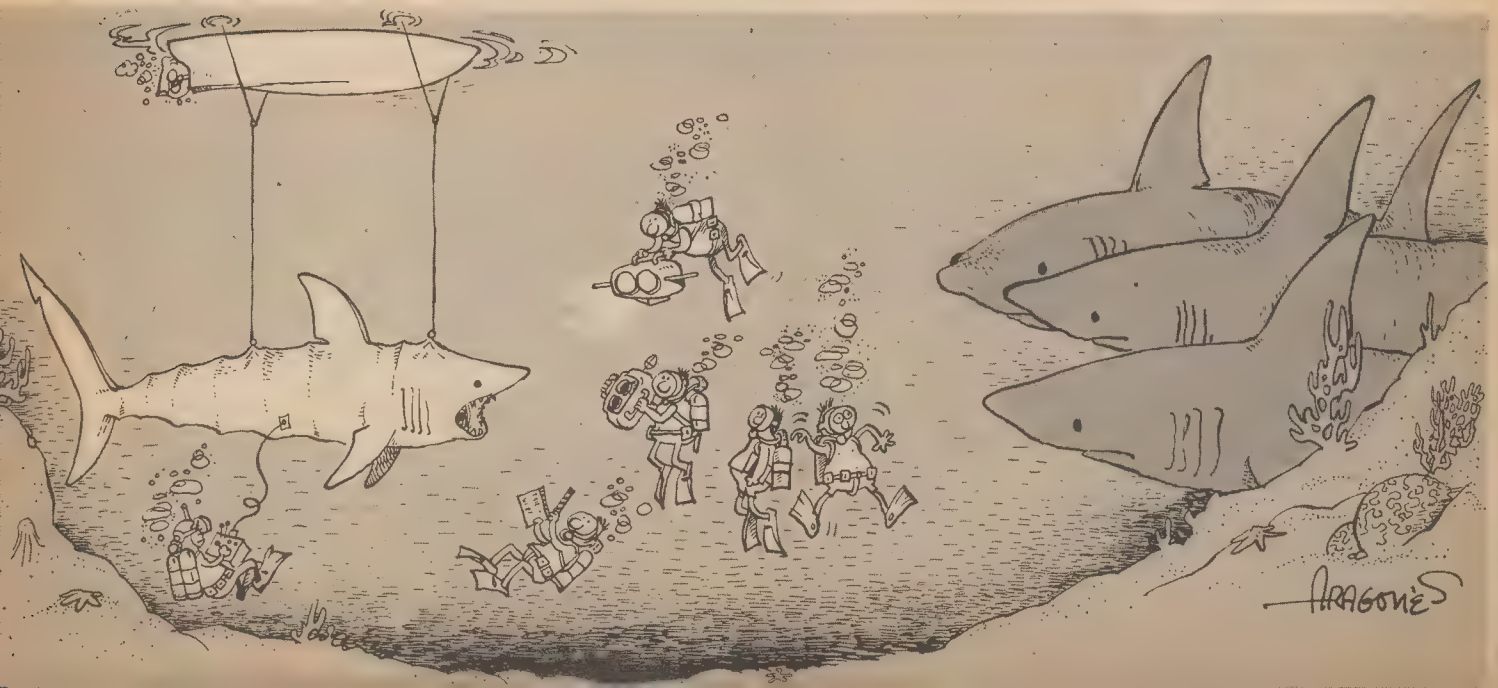
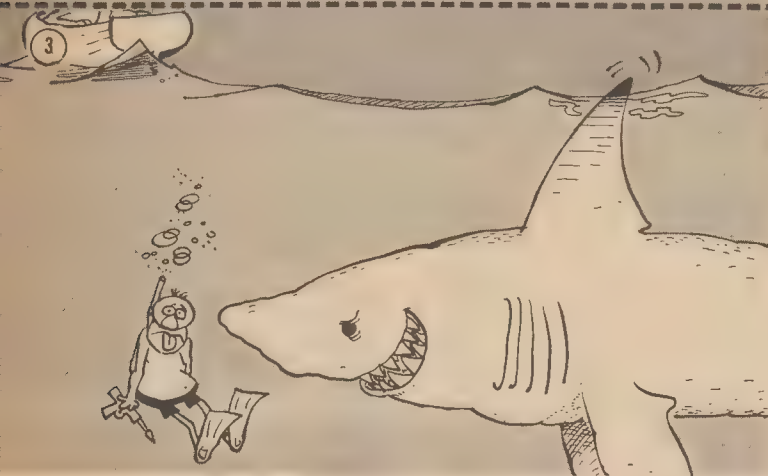
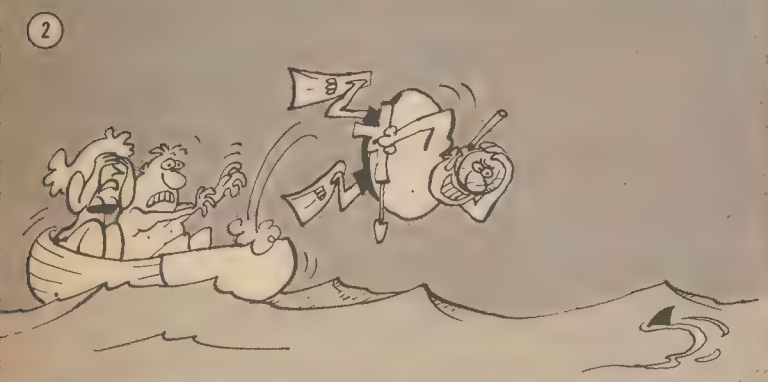
# WRINKS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







ARAGON'S

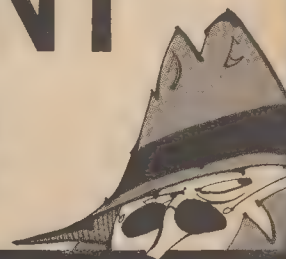


**WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS DEPT.**

Hi! This is **Joan Bye** with another in-depth interview for **MAD Magazine!** A strange choice for a guest interviewer? Well, not nearly as strange as the man I've been asked to interview! This is **Special Agent G. Howard Wasp**...



# MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR



Agent Wasp ... I must congratulate you on your use of this airline as a cover for your CIA activities!

How did you know this is a CIA company?

It's the only airline in the country making a **PROFIT!!** But tell me—what is the **real purpose** of the CIA?

Our **main thrust** is the gathering of intelligence! By using this vital information, we help keep our nation strong and our people free!

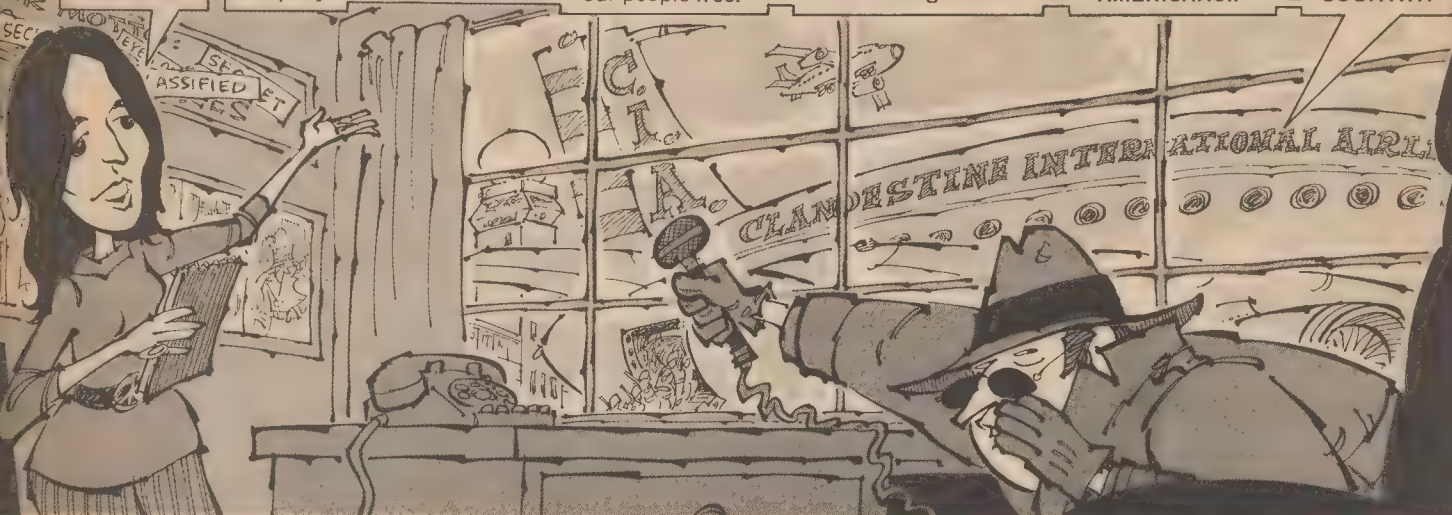
And how do you gather this vital information?

By bugging offices ... tapping telephones ... reading private mail ... breaking into psychiatrist's offices and stealing files ...

And are these dirty tricks used against the people that the CIA considers to be America's **ENEMIES?**

Naahh ... this is what we do to **AMERICANS!!**

We could **never** get away with that sort of hanky-panky in a **FOREIGN COUNTRY!**



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

But, Agent Wasp ...

I have a very strange feeling that this plant is bugged ...!

Er—would you mind speaking a bit louder into this plant ...?

Hmmm, you seem to be familiar with **Undercover Methodology!**

Oh, I **AM!** I've seen almost every **James Bond** movie!

What would you say was the most successful operation of the CIA ...?

Hmmm! There were so many! Personally, I liked the recovery of that **Russian submarine!**

Do you think it was worth spending over **300 million dollars** for a section of an **18-year-old submarine!**

It so happens we recovered some pretty valuable stuff when we raised that section!

Oh ...? You picked up some **secret Russian decoding information?**

No ... we picked up six cases of **Russian Vodka!** The good stuff! You can't get it anywhere!





Hey!! That's **SABOTAGE!**

All I did was throw a gum wrapper into your wastepaper basket . . . !

It may be just a wastepaper basket to you, but in enemy hands, it's a gold mine of intelligence information! We have trash inspection twice a day, and if the Chief finds anything important in any of them . . . man, it's bad news!

I'm sorry! Had I known, I would have **SWALLOWED** the stupid thing!



Don't joke! The CIA has a phony Cleaning Service that picks up the trash from foreign embassies and airlines, recovering valuable items like this!

It looks like a— yecch—a **USED Kleenex!**

Only to **YOUR** un-trained eye! But to us, it tells us plenty about the health of a Russian biggie! See? He has a **COLD!**

Lucky he doesn't have diarrhea!



This is one of the most important Departments of our organization!

Is this where you plan your **COVERT** strategies?

No, this is where we dream up excuses in case anything goes wrong!



Speaking of things going wrong, would you tell us about some of the CIA's more famous **BLUNDERS?**

Er . . . we refer to such things as our "**Counter-productive Operations**". . . !

How about a few words on the "**Bay of Pigs**" fiasco?

I'm afraid I'll have to invoke "**National Security**" on that one!

But wasn't it sheer insanity to attempt to invade Cuba with a badly-trained army of 1400 men . . . pitting them against a crack Military force of 400,000 . . . ?!?

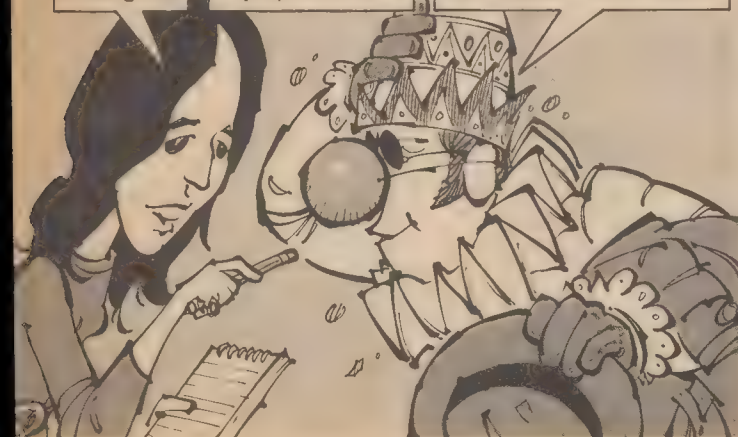
Not when **GOD** is on our side! You forget! They were **400,000 GODLESS COMMIES!**



Frankly, was the CIA involved in any way with **Watergate?**

The total extent of our involvement was in providing fiendishly clever disguises like this one to the perpetrators!

But if **WE**'d handled the Watergate account, you can rest assured **WE** would've linked the Democrats to the Commies . . . even if we had to manufacture the evidence!



And what's this? Your Secret Code Room?

No, these are just some abbreviations for the Intelligence Reports we submit to the President so he'll know what's going on in the world!

Which one does he consider to be the most **RELIABLE** and **USEFUL** source of information . . . ?

The New York Times!





How do you explain the failure of your people to come up with accurate intelligence in Vietnam?

Listen, study the figures on this chart if you want to know the **REAL** story of 'Nam! According to **OUR** "kill rate" and **OUR** "body count" and **OUR** "captured or destroyed enemy weapons," we **WON** the war in 1967!



Since most of the information the CIA gets comes through legitimate channels, why do you spend so much time with the "Cloak and Dagger" stuff?

We have to keep ahead of the KGB in the all-important "Dirty Tricks" War! I hate to say this, but they receive much better cooperation from their citizens than we do from ours! Every Russian tourist or performer or dancing bear that goes abroad works for the KGB! All the American tourist is interested in is food, booze and sex!

And another advantage the KGB has over us is: When one of **THEIR** agents has his job terminated, it's Siberia for him ... if he's lucky! When one of **OUR** guys drops out, he writes a book **EXPOSING** the CIA!



Is it true that you people used rain as a weapon in Vietnam ... ?

But isn't that dangerous? Aren't you afraid of tampering with the weather?

You bet your galoshes we did! We resorted to weather modification to break up demonstrations when regular methods of mob control—tear gas, clubs and itch powder—failed! We seeded the clouds and caused a deluge on those gooks!

Afraid? Never heard of the word! We're even experimenting with a way of piercing the protective ozone layer so we can wipe out entire populations! By God, we intend to insure peace and make the world safe for Democracy!

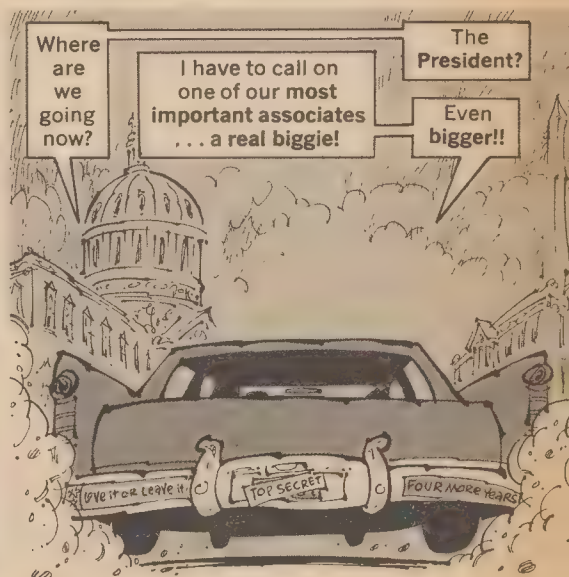


Where are we going now?

I have to call on one of our most important associates ... a real biggie!

The President?

Even bigger!!



You may rise ...

Thank you, Godfather! I have come to ask a favor ...

We foolishly allowed a small Banana Republic to hold a free election! And even though we spent millions buying votes, those peasants elected a Left Wing President! So we want to destabilize the government!

You ... WHAT?!!

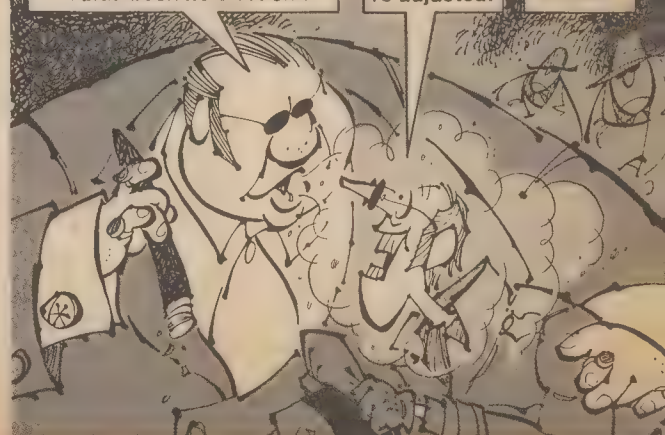
We ... we would like this new government subverted!

You mean you want us to HIT the guy!!

Why don't you guys learn t' speak English! I come from Sicily an' I speak better'n you! You shoulda come t' me in the first place! I woulda put out a contract, an' there woulda been no election!!

You will see to it that the situation is—uh—re-adjusted?

Consider this **FAVOR** you've asked of me **DONE!!**





Thank you, Godfather! We will pay you anything you ask!

I don't want money! I consider it an honor t' help my country! But . . . of course . . . I may call upon YOU to do ME a small favor in return . . . someday . . .

Anything! If the IRS, or a Crime Commission gets on your back, let us know! We'll handle it!

I'm shocked! I am really shocked! I can't believe an official agency of the United States Government would do business with ORGANIZED CRIME!

Listen, lady! We're engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Commies, and we'll accept assistance from ANY source to help preserve and spread the American way of life! Besides, if you want somebody rubbed out . . . where ELSE can you go?



Excuse me one minute, Miss Bye! I have to make a contact!

Hey, man, it's about time you got here with the bread! It's not easy to get those college kids to riot! This ain't the 60's, y'know! Today, all them dudes worry about is finding jobs after they graduate!

Well, do the best you can! Remember, your country's counting on you!

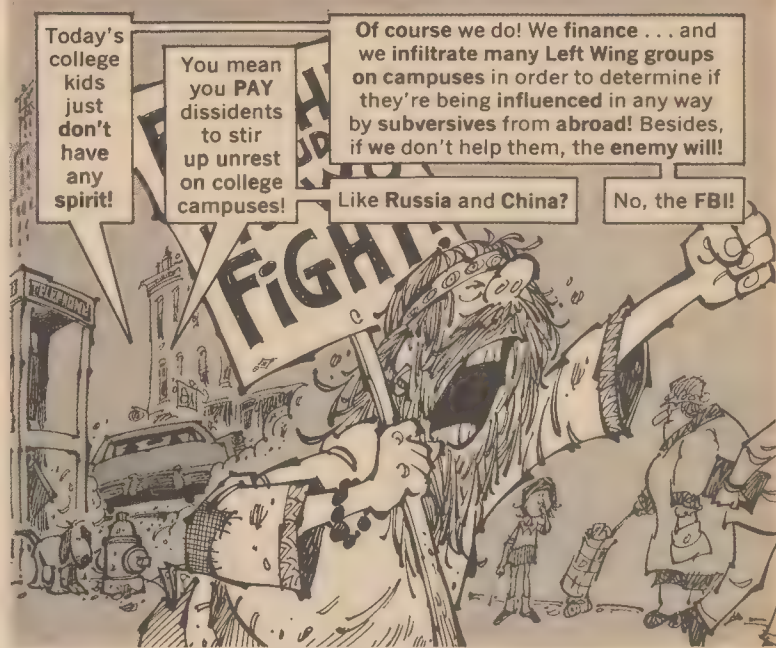
Today's college kids just don't have any spirit!

You mean you PAY dissidents to stir up unrest on college campuses!

Of course we do! We finance . . . and we infiltrate many Left Wing groups on campuses in order to determine if they're being influenced in any way by subversives from abroad! Besides, if we don't help them, the enemy will!

Like Russia and China?

No, the FBI!



You mean you regard the FBI as "the enemy"?

They're a disgrace to undercover work! If OUR company had the Hearst account, you can rest assured that Patty would have been wasted long ago, no matter how many doors we had to kick in!

But isn't domestic spying actually forbidden by the CIA Charter?

Listen, if people have nothing to hide . . . why should they object to being checked out?

The old "If you're clean, why should you care?" philosophy!

Glad you understand! It makes my job so much easier! Now . . . how much money did you earn last year? I can check with IRS, y'know! What magazines and newspapers do you read?

What organizations do you belong to?

Do you contribute to any political party or group?

How often did you and your husband—

This is Joan Bye— signing off, and returning you to MAD Magazine!





# Pollution Alert



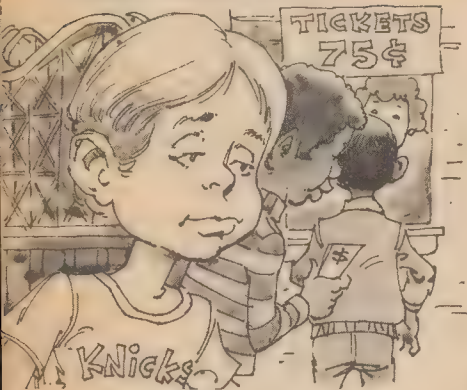


# WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

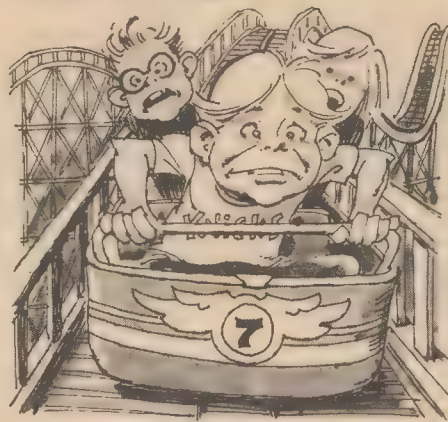
# TIME DRAGS...

## TIME DRAGS...



...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

## TIME FLIES...



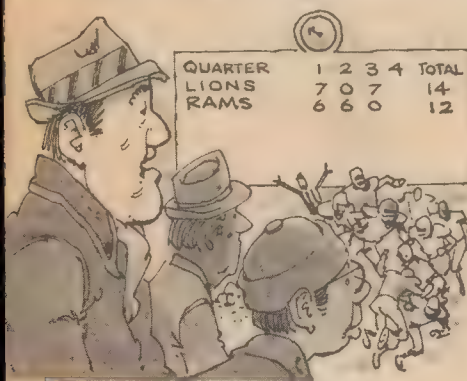
...when you're on the ride.

## TIME DRAGS...



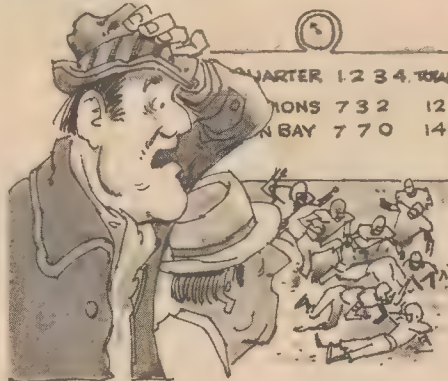
...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

## TIME DRAGS...



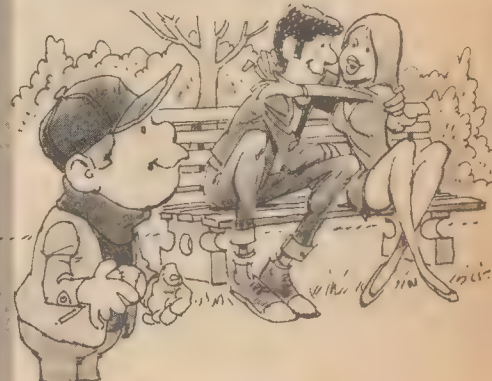
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

## TIME FLIES...



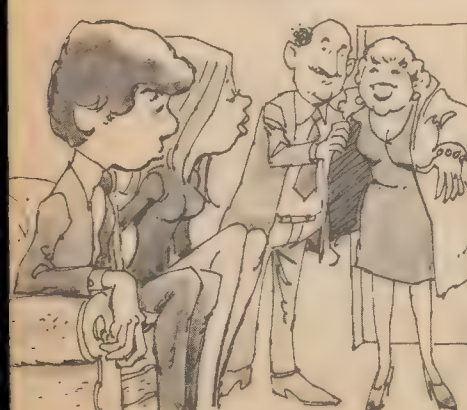
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

## TIME DRAGS...



...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

## TIME DRAGS...



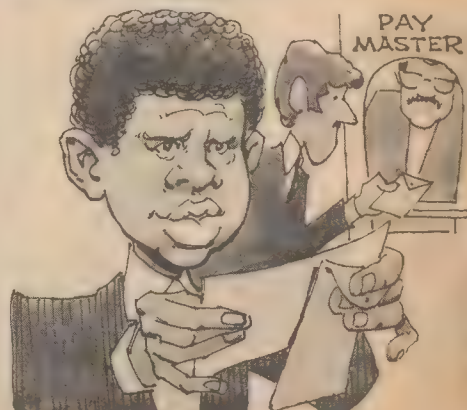
...till her parents go out.

## TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

## TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.



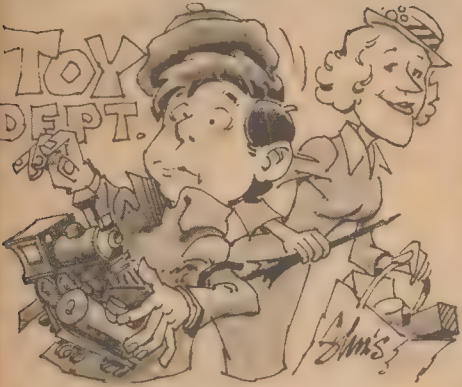


Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

# TIME FLIES...

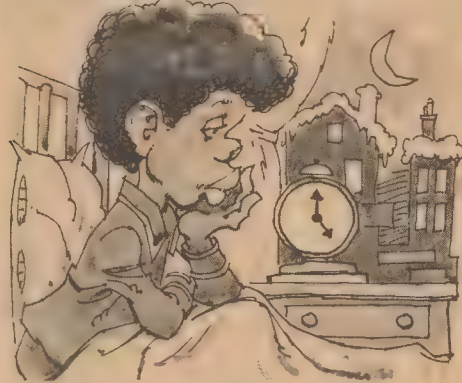
ARTIST:  
JACK RICKARD  
  
WRITER:  
STAN HART

## TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

## TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

## TIME FLIES...



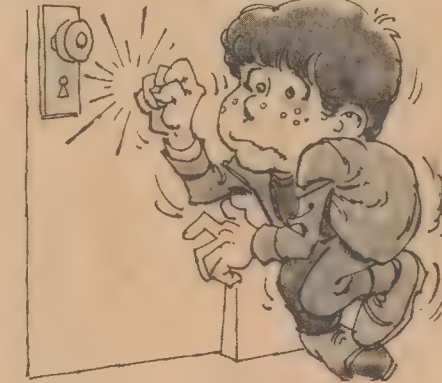
...before they're all broken.

## TIME FLIES...



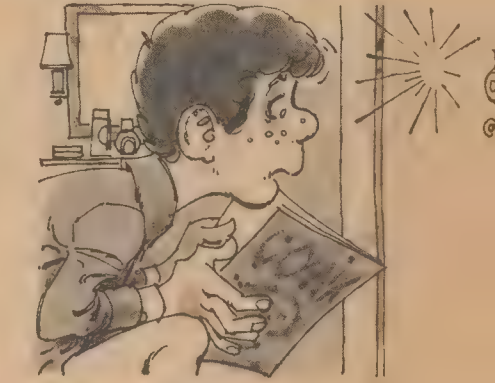
...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

## TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

## TIME FLIES...



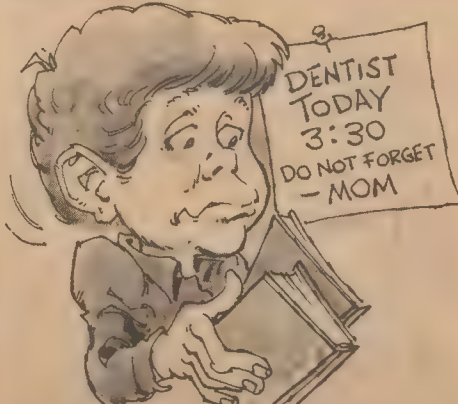
...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

## TIME FLIES...



...between bills.

## TIME FLIES...



...between Dentist appointments.

## TIME DRAGS...



...when he's drilling your tooth.



## ATTENTION!

There's a gimmicky film filled with special effects, that also features

## SENSELESSROUNDS

of inane dialogue. Please be aware that this satire features the same thing, and that as you read it and see the pictures, you will suddenly start to feel something. Therefore, the Editors take no responsibility for your physical or your emotional reactions . . . or your dry cleaning bills . . . as you read through MAD's

PLAYING IT FOR SHAKE VALUE DEPT.



Hi! I'm back from jogging, Seamy! Hey—why is it so dark in here?

It's supposed to set the mood for the catastrophe that's coming!

You mean the Earthquake?!

No . . . ME . . . when I step out into the daylight . . . and everyone sees how I've AGED after all these years!

I'm afraid I don't have time for breakfast!

After all the trouble I went to?!? Instant Coffee doesn't KEEP once it's mixed with water, y'know!

I promised to drop off an autographed football for little Borey, the Widow Marshmallow's kid!

Hah! Don't make me laugh! You haven't played football in twenty years!

Well, you haven't ACTED in twenty years, and you're making ME laugh!

Y'know, there's only ONE thing that's keeping me from getting drunk this early in the morning!

Let me guess! We ran out of BOOZE!!

No, smarty! I'm ALREADY drunk! And just so's I'd have something to nosh on, I ate this whole jar of white peanuts!

Y-you ate this—this entire jar of Sleeping Pills?!? Oh, God . . . say it isn't so! Those pills cost over 50¢ each!!







ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Yeah, Doc, she took an overdose of pills! She's passed out! Do I know how to induce vomiting? Sure! I'll let her read the rest of the script! WAIT! What's going on?

No, I think it's my stomach! That's how upset you make me—Hey! You're FAKING!

Don't be angry with me, Grief! Please! I'm sorry! I'll do anything you want!

Okay! How about taking an overdose of Sleeping Pills?!

Hey... that was quite a shock! Don't you think we should check the Dam for any damage?

Nah! A little tremor like that couldn't cause any damage! Besides, that big hunk of concrete just fell down and blocked the door!

Here's the football I promised you, Borey! I hope you'll save it until I'm old and gray!

Sure, Grief! A football like this is bound to last for at least a week or two...!

Is it an EARTHQUAKE?

**RUMBLE RUMBLE**

Great news, Grief! I got a part in a really fantastic movie!

That's more than I can say these last few years...!

I play a wild nymphomaniac!

Would you like some help... REHEARSING?

C'mon! Stop clowning around and read this page of script so I can practice my lines!

Sure! Okay, here goes... "Hel-lo, Ma-ry! I-am-home from-work-early-tonight!"

Hmmmm! Oh, boy, are we in big trouble!!

Why? Was it that bad??

No, you're the same as you ALWAYS are! And that's the problem! How are people going to tell the difference between your USUAL wooden acting, and this supposedly "AMATEUR" wooden acting?!





Listen, kid! You're only a lousy Assistant here! So far this year, **every** time you said we were going to have a tremor, we **HAD** one! **NOW** you say we're going to have a **MAJOR EARTHQUAKE?!!**

That's what I've figured out, Sir!

Well, let me warn you! If we **DO**, any damage it does will come out of **YOUR PAY!**



Well, how was that? I did it just like you said! Up the ramp . . . down the ramp . . . over the loop-the-loop . . . through the flaming ring . . . out the zig-zag—

Well, not **EXACTLY** like I said, Milds! You were supposed to do it **ON** the Motorcycle . . . !

Did you say **ON** the Motorcycle?! Man, I'd **KILL** myself! **JOGGING** over that thing was hard enough!



Mayor, I called you here because there is a **remote possibility** that we will have a **major Earthquake!** I say **remote**, because the man who has predicted it has been **100% accurate** so far . . . but he's **only** a Seismographic Assistant!

Well, since it is **ONLY** a **remote possibility**, and since I wouldn't want to see a panic, I think I'll just take my family and go to a nice **safe location!** Then, once I'm safely away, you can call out the **National Guard . . .** and my family won't panic!



All you have to **do** is sit behind me on my bike as I **loop-the-loop**, jump this **30-foot stretch** of sharp pickets and leap through a wall of flame at **100 miles an hour!**

**Not me!** I'm not doing anything like that with you!

You know what your problem is, Baby? You're filled with **RACIAL PREJUDICE!**



**Attention, please!** The following announcement has **NOTHING** to do with a **major Earthquake** that could wipe out this entire city, and kill each and every one of you listening! It is merely a **precautionary measure** designed to mobilize the manpower necessary to cope with destruction and death! Will the following **National Guard Units** report immediately! The **Heavy Earth-Moving Battalions**, the **Emergency Rescue Teams**, the **Riot Control Units**, the **Plague, Pestilence and Typhoid Troops**, and—oh, yes—the **Store Clerks Battalion!**



We've got a big Las Vegas agent coming down to look at our act, Slayed! So you gotta help us! You gotta lend us the money to buy some more of these **"MILDS"** tee-shirts! Just look at how one of them looks on Posa . . .

Oh, yeah! They're —gulp— they're really somethin'!

And that's just how they look on **POSA!** Imagine how they'll look on us **GUYS!**





Daddy, you've got to do me a big favor!

I'll do **anything** you ask, Seamy! You know you've always been very special to me! You're the only daughter I ever had that was **OLDER** than me!

You've got to **give** Grief the business!

I'd be glad to, Honey! But if he doesn't like it coming from **YOU**, I doubt if he'll like it any better coming from **ME**!

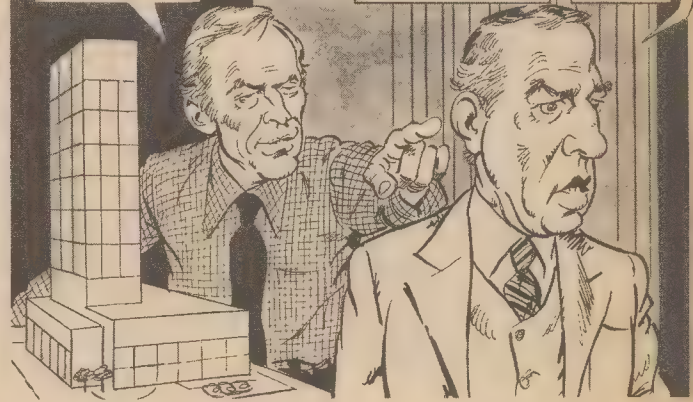
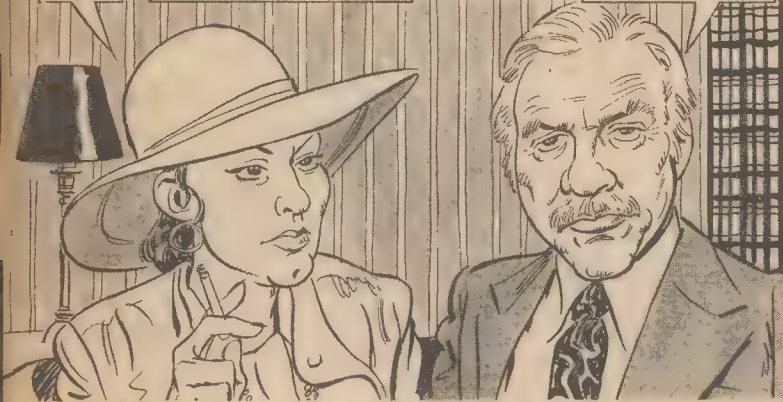
I want your permission to upgrade the "specs" of the building we're going to construct for you . . . !

**Why!?** Don't the old specs meet the **Building Code**?

Of course! But just meeting the Building Code these days isn't **ENOUGH!** Look at that building across the street!

But . . . but there's **NO** building across the street!

See what I mean?!



Okay . . . enough, already! I give you my permission to upgrade the specs! Now stop this ridiculous demonstration!!

Sorry . . . but this is **no demonstration!** It's a **REAL EARTHQUAKE!**

**Mr. Grief! Mr. Grief!** Our Window Washer just fell thirty stories!!

Well, what difference does **THAT** make?! We don't have any more **WINDOWS!!**



Are you alright?

**How come**, when your **BUILDING** is falling down around us, you suddenly start thinking of me?

I—I guess seeing **ONE** wreck made me think of **ANOTHER!**

Then you **DO** care for me! Will you stop seeing that **Marshmallow woman?**

I'll make a deal with you! I'll see **YOU** during **Earthquakes**, and I'll see **HER** the rest of the time!



**RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE.**

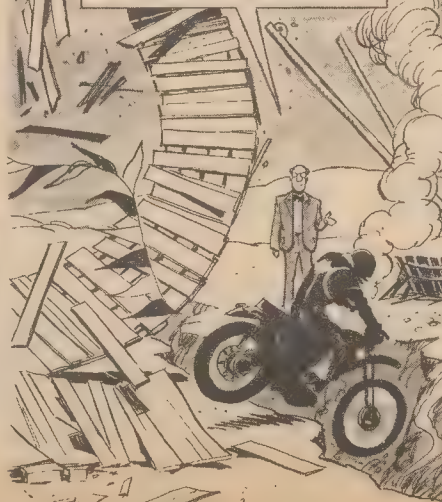
I just can't win! Last month, I saw "Towering Inferno" and got so scared, I moved from the thirty-eighth floor to the **BASEMENT!**

**NOW**, all thirty-eight floors are falling down on **TOP** of me . . . !



Man, that **IS** a great act!!

But are you **SURE** you can do it **THREE TIMES A DAY?**

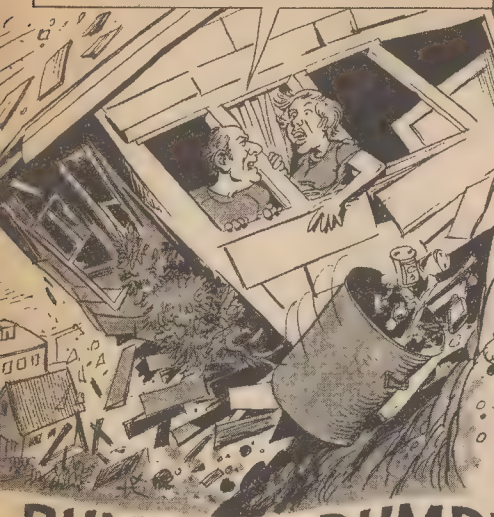


I can let you have this four-story building for **\$80,000** . . . er, this three-story building for **\$60,000** . . . er, this two-story building for **\$40,000** . . . er, how about a nice **PARKING LOT** for **\$10,000?!**





NOW what are you complaining about?! For years, you have been saying you wanted to move into the Valley! Well... now you're in the Valley, so **SHUT UP!**

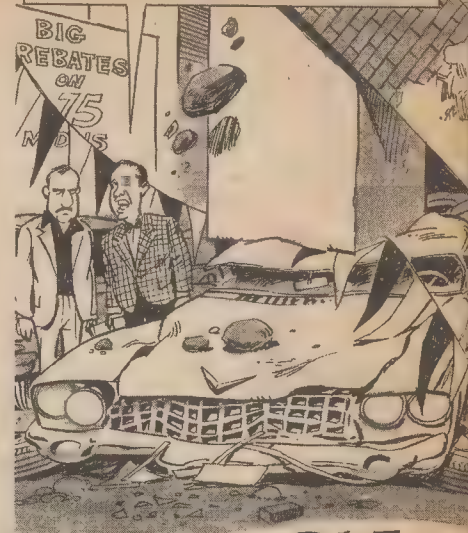


Excuse me, did you see a **Ranch-style House** with a **Car Port** go by here?

No, just a **Church**, a **Post Office** and a **Ball Park!** But I'll keep my eyes open!



Listen! Tell you what! Forget the \$5000 price I just asked for it! I'm in a **good mood** today! Fifty bucks takes it away!!



**RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE...**

Good Lord! What happened?

See...? Smoking really **IS** dangerous to your health!

With all the leaking gas around, that jerk just ran into his house with a lit cigarette...



Help me! I need a **Doctor!** I—need a **Doctor!**

I'm a **Doctor**...! I can't believe it! A **Doctor**... here... just when I need one!

Well, there's nothing else to do! My **Golf Course** is one big **SANDTRAP!**



HEY! What are you doing?!

The Cop back there said this was an **EMERGENCY**... and we should all help ourselves! So I'm **HELPING MYSELF!**



**RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE....**

Okay... everybody calm down! The worst is over!

You... you mean the tremors are finished?!!

No... I mean we're **half-way** through the movie!



Now, listen! The stairs between this floor and the next five floors have been torn away! I'm going to have to lower you folks in this chair—one at a time!

Okay, girls—take off your **Panty Hose!**

Why? Are you thinking of using our **Panty Hose** to tie us into the chair?

No, actually just watching girls take off their **Panty Hose** turns me on!

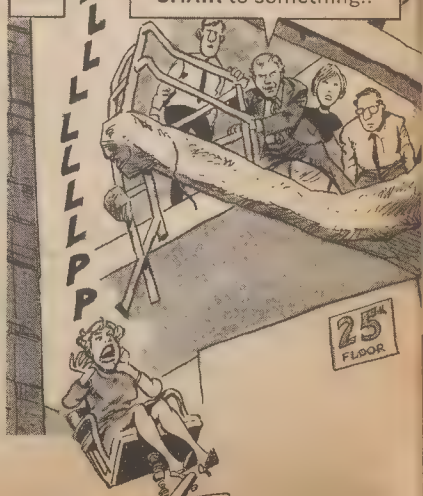
But maybe it isn't such a bad idea...



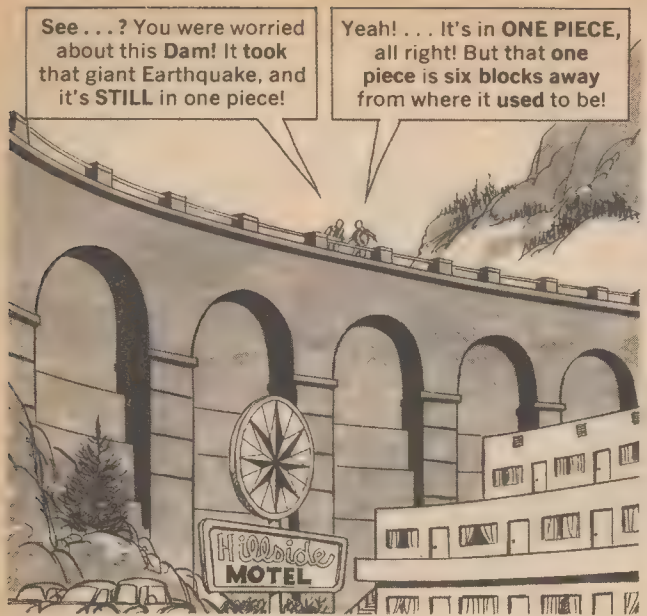
Here goes the first one!

**HELLLLLLP!**

Er... tying her to the chair was a great idea! But an even **BETTER** idea would've been to tie the **CHAIR** to something!!







See...? You were worried about this Dam! It took that giant Earthquake, and it's STILL in one piece!

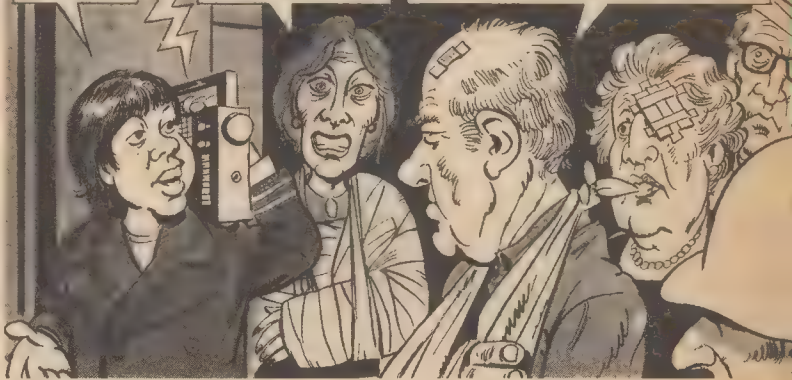
Yeah!... It's in **ONE PIECE**, all right! But that one piece is six blocks away from where it used to be!

Hold it! I think I'm getting something on my portable radio...

This is your Mayor speaking! Please be assured that I know exactly what you're going through! I only wish that I could be there, sharing this experience with you... instead of here in beautiful San Francisco! I also know that this is a bad time to bring up the subject of increased Real Estate taxes... but...

I don't believe what I'm hearing!

Listen, he's better than most Mayors! I'm from New York, and—

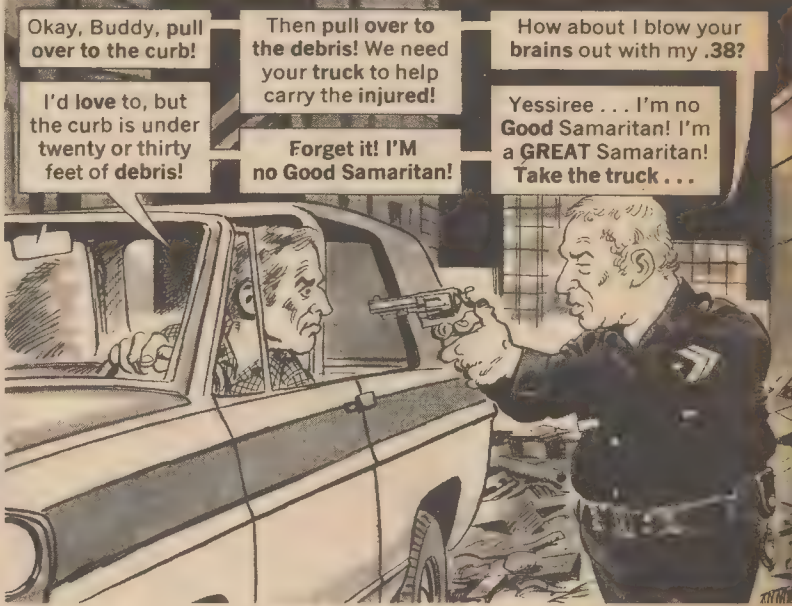


Excuse me, Officer... but are there any Pay Phones working?

Not one in the entire City...!

Really? Boy... that Earthquake did some damage!

Why blame that! We didn't have any Pay Phones working in this City **BEFORE** the Earthquake!



Okay, Buddy, pull over to the curb!

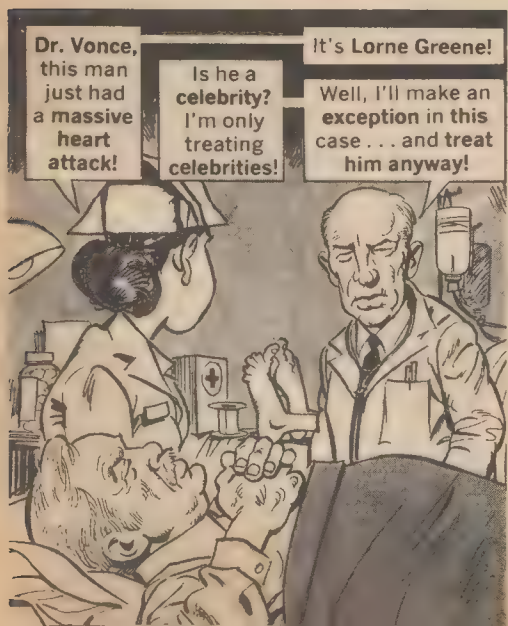
I'd love to, but the curb is under twenty or thirty feet of debris!

Then pull over to the debris! We need your truck to help carry the injured!

Forget it! I'M no Good Samaritan!

How about I blow your brains out with my .38?

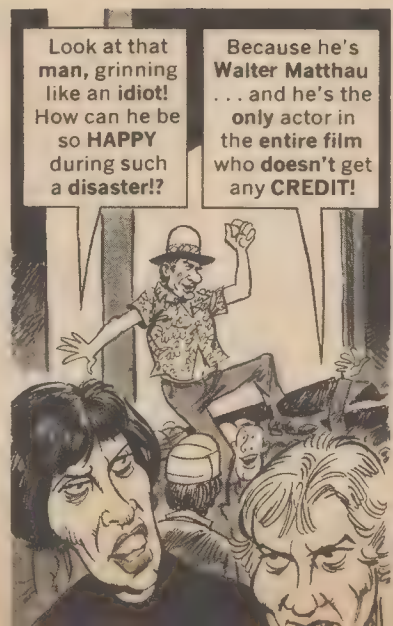
Yessiree... I'm no Good Samaritan! I'm a **GREAT** Samaritan! Take the truck...



Dr. Vonce, this man just had a massive heart attack!

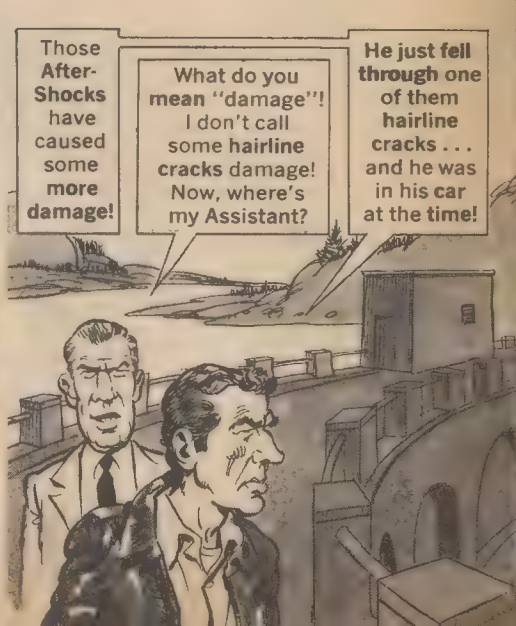
Is he a celebrity? I'm only treating celebrities!

It's Lorne Greene! Well, I'll make an exception in this case... and treat him anyway!



Look at that man, grinning like an idiot! How can he be so **HAPPY** during such a disaster!?

Because he's Walter Matthau... and he's the only actor in the entire film who doesn't get any **CREDIT**!



Those After-Shocks have caused some more damage!

What do you mean "damage"! I don't call some hairline cracks damage! Now, where's my Assistant?

He just fell through one of them hairline cracks... and he was in his car at the time!



Have you seen Mrs. Marshmallow anywhere?

Yes, she was in the sub-basement of that building, but all the entrances were sealed by those last After-Shocks! There's no way you can help her!

I know! We'll dig our way into that sub-basement!

Are you crazy? Do you know how far down underground a sub-basement is?

Sure I do! In this particular building, the sub-basement is on the **THIRD FLOOR!** It's one that I designed! I saved a huge fortune on the digging costs!



We're trapped in here! They'll never try to reach us!

Wrong! If it was only **ME** trapped in here with a hundred other elderly people, they might never bother to try to rescue us! But trap one pretty, sexy love interest and—

Doctor! there's someone breaking through the wall with a jackhammer!

Hmmmm! Need I say more???



Inspector! We've got to abandon this Dam! It's—it's starting to collapse!!

I can **SEE** that! That's why I'm trying to **reduce** the pressure by draining off some of the water!!

But, Inspector! With a little **CUP!?! At the rate you're going, it will take YEARS!!**

Well, don't just **STAND** there, you idiot! Help me! Get me a **BIGGER CUP...!**



There's no need to panic! Sure, if the Dam breaks, most of us will die like drowning rats in a sinking ship! But Dams have been known to stand up under bigger shocks than the Earthquake we've had today!

**LOOK!!** Here comes the water! The Dam **BROKE!!**

Then again, on the other hand—let's **GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!**



Grief! It's **ME!** I'm here, and I'm safe!

I know! But Seamy is being carried away by the flood! I've got to save her! This is a **TEST...!**

OF LOVE...?

No... of **STUPIDITY!**

Hang on Seamy! I'm coming...

Well, there he goes... trying to save her... choosing sure death to **ME!** Looks like stupidity won!



Terrible! They've all gone down the drain!

But only a few people went down the drain!

Who's talking about **PEOPLE!?! I'm talking about ACTING CAREERS!** And, Buddy, anyone connected with this movie just saw **THEIRS** go down the drain!





**WHAT UNUSUAL  
DINING AID  
WILL SOON  
BECOME A  
NECESSITY  
IN MANY  
RESTAURANTS?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today, many fine restaurants are desperately trying to keep the quality of their food up, while attempting to hold their prices down. However, as a result of this effort, one special "dining aid" will soon become indispensable to people who love to dine out. To see what this item is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**B**

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**A MARVELOUS RESTAURANT'S MENU IS ITS ONLY WAY OF SIGNIFYING  
GOURMET FOOD. LOW PRICES PUT IT IN A SPECIAL CLASS  
FOR SHREWD DINERS. IN TODAY'S ECONOMY, THIS SORT OF THINKING  
PORTRAYS THE AVERAGE FOOD LOVER'S CONCERNS AND OPINIONS**

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**A**

**B**



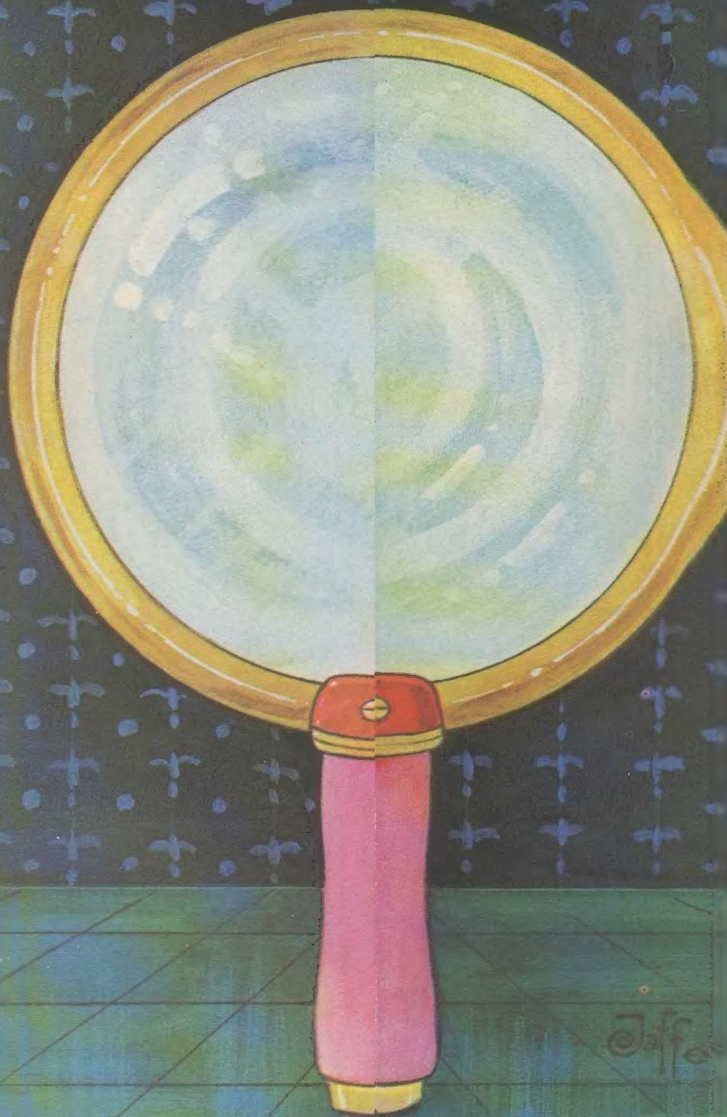
**WHAT UNUSUAL  
DINING AID  
WILL SOON  
BECOME A  
NECESSITY  
IN MANY  
RESTAURANTS?**



**FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!**



**FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"**



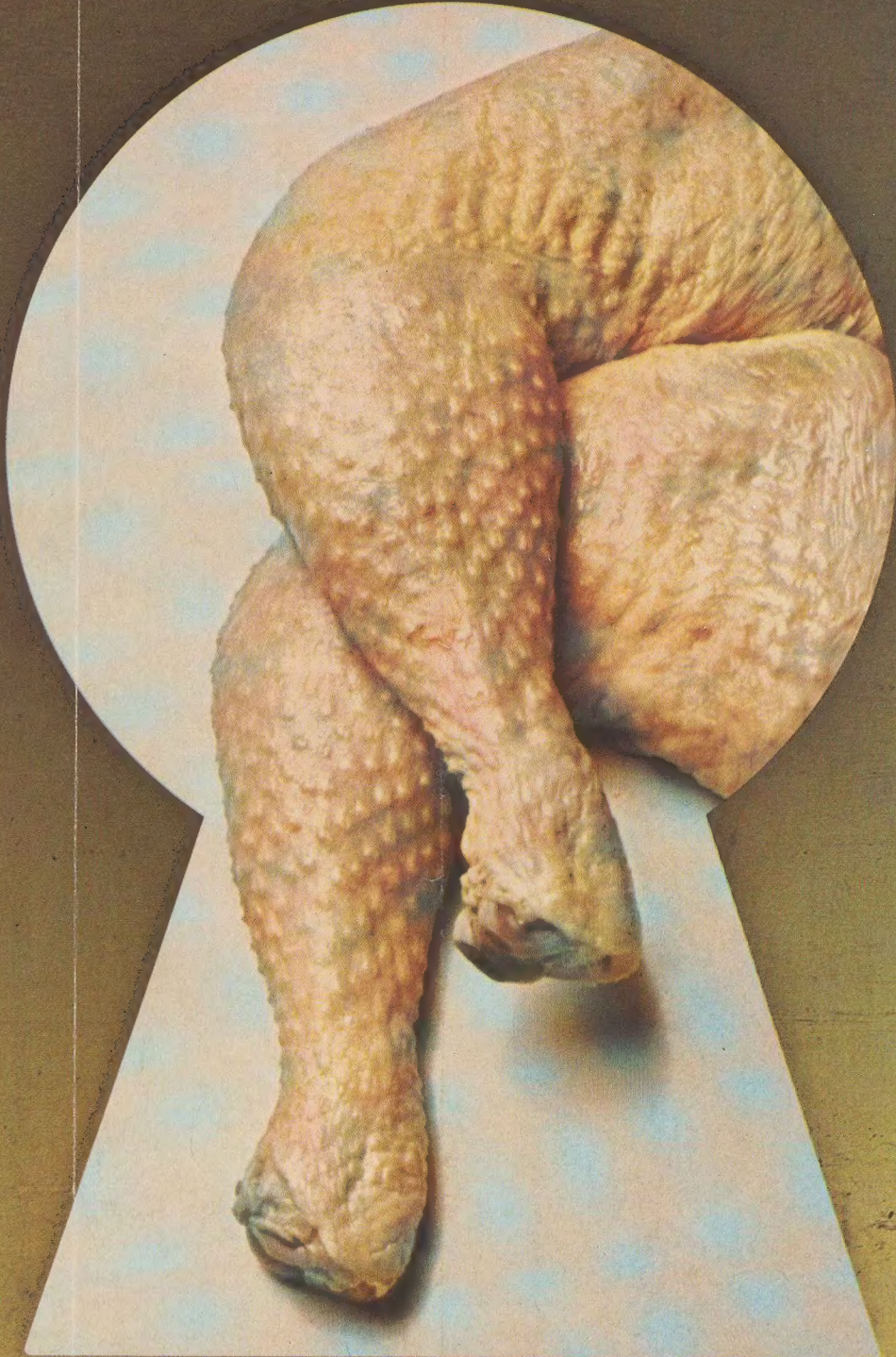
**A MAGNIFYING  
GLASS  
FOR SHRINKING  
PORTIONS**

**ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE**





# A MAD PEEK THROUGH FRANK PERDUE'S KEYHOLE



ANOTHER  
MAD  
MINI-  
POSTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY GARCIA